

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 917

Week Ending
OCTOBER 17, 1936

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

CROSS BY THE SAFEWAY

HELPING MILLIONS TO SEE

CORONATION PROCESSION IN A MIRROR

The Office of Works Takes
Up a Great Idea

HOW THE IDEA WAS BORN

A way of letting everybody see the Coronation procession recommended some months ago by the C N has been taken up by the Office of Works.

The C N said there would be twice as many people coming to see the procession as could possibly catch sight of it, however packed they were along the streets, the park, or in the stands. A million might go empty away, having seen nothing.

But if, instead of having to try to see it through a wall of people in front of them, they could see it in a mirror hung on a wall above them, a large part of that disappointed million would not go home disappointed at all, but might be satisfied with a view far better than they expected.

The Hotel-Keeper's Mirror

The idea was suggested to the C N by something that happened during the funeral procession of King George from Westminster to Paddington. The crush on that day, the break through of the crowds at some points of the route, were a lesson in what must not happen on the far more teeming day and way of the Coronation.

But a lesson of a more valuable kind was given by a hotel-keeper at a street corner at Paddington, where the crowd was at its thickest and the press so great that women and children were trying to get out of it. Perceiving that not one person in ten on the pavements below could see anything, this kindly and resourceful man hung a big mirror outside his first-floor window at the corner.

It was simple, the birth of the great idea which may enable hundreds of thousands to see the great procession next year.

A View For Everybody

People looking up at the hotel-keeper's mirror could see everything as well as if they had been in the front row.

The C N thereupon asked why this simple idea could not be extended. Why not fix strips of mirror at a number of selected points along a royal route so that the people below could see the procession reflected in it? If the places for the mirrors were well chosen those who profited by their use would be even better off than when cramped and crowded in a front or second row. They would see reflected in the mirror the procession coming from afar off, and could watch its departing ranks far better than if they had to crane their necks round the bulky form of a police-

The Fogs Are Coming



Testing one of the fog flares used in London streets

The Witch Doctor Throws Down the Bones

A NATIVE charged with practising witchcraft offered the magistrate at Dundee in South Africa to give a demonstration of his powers. The magistrate agreed, and the native threw down his magic bones and went through his performance in court.

He said that he would go home again quite safely, that shortly the court would have four persons brought before it for assault, and that one woman would

come to ask for a divorce. He said also that it would rain on September 4.

We do not know whether he was a good weather prophet, but the persons mentioned certainly came before the magistrate, while the native's prophecy about himself was partly accurate, for the magistrate sentenced him to a month's hard labour, which was suspended for a year on condition that he left the district.

Continued from the first column

man in front of them. It would be almost like having a private view.

This idea is so simple, and at the same time so sensible, that the Office of Works has seized on it. They are making tests with all shapes and sizes of mirrors in the quadrangle of the Office at Westminster, and these experiments are to be transferred to the streets and other places on the route.

So far the Office of Works has chosen a large oblong mirror held almost flat against a building or on the pavement and supported on tubular steel pillars fitted with swivels so as to turn the mirror to the best angle for vision.

When these are put up the C N is confident they will supply a long-felt want. Another suggestion of the C N, that the

route should be lengthened into a processional way, like a loop in Hyde Park, has not been adopted, but the route has been lengthened to a considerable extent, and the Processional Way may come.

In any case it seems to us that by its prompt enterprise our famous Office of Works is justifying itself and vindicating the capacity of Democracy to do spectacular things. We do not parade in hundreds of thousands like the Fascists and the Nazis, who move in masses under orders, however bored they are, but we gather spontaneously as we will for what purpose we will; and it is gratifying to see that a Government Department is equal to a great opportunity of doing something new which will satisfy us all and send us home rejoicing on the King's great day.

THE WOLF CREEPS UP TO THE FOLD

And the Boy Creeps Up With a Stone

All the shepherds near Zenica in Bosnia have been talking about the brave deed of Knezo Grujich.

Although only 12 this shepherd boy killed a wolf and saved his master's flock.

Red Riding Hood would hardly have liked to meet this wolf, for it was one of the biggest ever seen in the neighbourhood. Very craftily it slipped out of the forest, and was about to attack the flock when a sheepdog held it at bay. Two other dogs came to the rescue, but were killed by the ferocious wolf. During the struggle Knezo seized a great stone, crept up from behind, and hit the wolf on the head with all his might. The beast was stunned, and before it could recover Knezo whipped out his clasp knife and killed it.

Then he went on looking after the sheep. In the evening, when they were all safely in the fold, he went back to the farm to tell the sad news of the sheep-dogs, and was surprised to hear men talking of what he had done.

THE NATIVE'S MITE A Little Scene in Africa

A pretty story from Windhoek is sent to us from South Africa.

It appears that a poverty-stricken native, one Peter, was charged before the magistrate with stealing food and clothing from another native.

It would have been hard to decide which of the two men was the most decrepit. Their rags were filthy and torn. Both men were aged and wrinkled.

Peter, who pleaded that he was very hungry at the time, begged for mercy, but was sentenced to imprisonment unless he paid the complainant 4s 2d.

Peter said he had not a penny in the world. It looked as if he would go to gaol.

Then from among the crowd of natives sitting in the back of the court rose a native woman. Fumbling in her clothing she approached the magistrate's desk, paid the 4s 2d, and so saved Peter from prison, amid the applause of the assembled natives.

THE PRINCE AND HIS TAILOR

Prince Bernard of Lippe, who is to marry Princess Juliana of Holland, has been consulting London tailors concerning a suitable outfit.

Prince Bernard, however, is German, and, like all Germans, is not allowed to take more than ten marks out of Germany.

We may all hope the future Prince Consort of Holland will be able to inspire confidence sufficient to tide him over this difficulty.

A LIGHT ON THE COTSWOLDS

THE CANDLE LIT 400 YEARS AGO

Gloucestershire Remembers a Famous Son

MR TYNDALE THE TUTOR

Last week a column of light drew thousands of eyes to the top of Nibley Knoll in Gloucestershire.

It seemed to some like that candle of which Latimer spoke on the stake: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out."

But this column of light was shining in memory of a reformer who needed no comfort as the wood was piled round him on the scaffold, for he died as bravely as he had lived. He left for us a Bible in that "grave majestic English" which, as Cardinal Newman said, "lives in the ear like music that cannot be forgotten." Many of us must have heard his version read in the churches two Sundays ago, and marvelled at the little later translators had found to change.

A Hilltop Service

William Tyndale, whose 400th anniversary we have been celebrating, may have been born at North Nibley, or perhaps at Slimbridge, but in any case Gloucestershire can claim him as a son. Last century a column was raised to him on the Cotswold knoll by North Nibley, and last week it was floodlit after the Bishop of Gloucester and 5000 people had climbed the rough path to hold a service by the monument.

For miles and miles the light was seen, and one of the windows that looked out on it seven miles away was the window of the attic where young Mr Tyndale the tutor sat over his translation. He was tutor to the children of Sir John Wallishe, lord of the manor of Little Sodbury, and we may climb the stairs of the lovely old gabled house and enter the room which saw the beginning of the noblest thing we have, our English Bible.

If God spared his life, he cried out at Little Sodbury one day, he would see that a boy who drove the plough should know more of the Scriptures than many priests; and in the manor house he set to work on his great translation.

As in Tyndale's Day

Tyndale's attic is still much as he knew it, with the same oak rafters over our head and the same oak staircase leading to it. Much of the rest of the house is the same. Here is a charming panelled room where he may have taught his pupils, and often he must have sat discoursing in the hall, under its handsome roof borne up by angels. His hands may have drawn through the iron staple of the door the great wooden bolt which goes three feet back into the wall.

He found that his translation could not be done in Gloucestershire, where he had already stirred up much opposition. He went to London; but it was no good. He had to leave England to find the opportunity to write as he wished, and he never came back again; but 400 years after they had killed him in Belgium a floodlit column shone for him in his native Gloucestershire.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

Kind hearts in Vienna, and even in Germany, have been thoughtful for the swallows flying home for the winter.

Hundreds of them were unable to cross the Alps owing to the great cold and snow, and over a thousand birds were taken by car and plane to their destination. The cold and hungry birds were collected in cardboard boxes for the southward journey, put into aeroplanes at Klagenfurt, and flown to Italy.

Farewell

To Mr David West, Scottish landscape and seascape painter

He died suddenly at an art exhibition in Glasgow. He was a schoolmate of Mr Ramsay MacDonald, and his sunsets on Moray Firth are widely known.

His father refusing to let him be an artist, he went to sea, joined in the Klondike gold rush in 1898, but was glad to work his way back to civilisation. He was rejected as too old for the war, but served with the Red Cross.

To Sir George Carmichael, who has died in Gloucester at 70

He was an Aberdeen grammar school boy who went out to India about 50 years ago, a great gentleman and a capable official, chosen by Lord Willingdon for his Executive Council during the war years.

To Ahmed Tewfik Pasha, who has died in Constantinople at 95

He was famous for his absolute honesty and his unshakable calm, yet he saw the passing of the old Turkish Empire, was Ambassador in London when the war broke out, and was the last Prime Minister of the Empire. Few men in the East had seen more striking changes. He was always a friend of this country; often when he had to send a violent despatch to England he would tell our statesmen not to take it too seriously.

To Horace Mann Livens, an artist who found beauty everywhere and has just died

All his life he was content and even proud to call himself a painter of poultry, and he did it so well that his cocks and hens, whether they were single portraits or whether they were scattered about the garden or the farmyard, were delightful.

There was a charming simplicity about him and his work. Toward the last of his seventy odd years his paintings were not often seen in popular shows. But his best work hangs in public galleries.

To Senator Charles McDonald, who has just died in Vancouver

Nearly seventy years ago he was a child in Perth; but he was hardly more than a boy when he set out to make his fortune in Canada. It was hard going. He worked as a lumberjack and tried his hands at many things.

He moved out farther west, and at last set up a druggist's shop on what was then the Canadian frontier at Prince Albert. It was a wild place then, when good citizens had to be their own policemen. McDonald showed his mettle at that as manfully as he made a success of his shop, and his friends insisted he should represent them in Parliament. From then he rose to success and power, and is mourned by all Canada.

SPAIN

Is the Long Agony Ending?

No man can say as this issue of the CN goes to press whether the long agony of Spain is to be ended by the defeat of the Government and the fall of Madrid or whether the Civil War will develop into a grave European crisis.

It has been stated that the agreement for non-intervention has been broken, and the matter is being investigated by an international meeting in London, Russia declaring that she would cease to be neutral unless Italy and Germany and Portugal ceased supplying arms to the rebels. These nations deny that they have been helping the rebels.

In the meantime the attack on Madrid has brought the Civil War to a head, the cruelties on both sides have become unspeakable, and this bitter struggle between General Franco with his Fascists and his Moorish soldiers, and the Government supported by democrats, Socialists, and Communists, has become the most murderous strife known in any country in our time.

Whether the Government or its enemies win, Spain must remain for many years a broken country, its peoples cut in two, with order maintained by a military dictatorship.

OLYMPIA'S 500 CARS

More Power and More Safety

Motorists from all over the world are now in London on a visit to the Motor Show. As they bid farewell to each other our visitors will bid farewell to Olympia as their place of meeting, for next year the exhibition will be held in new buildings at Earl's Court.

In Olympia this year nearly a quarter of a million of square feet ranged along gangways which extend for seven miles are devoted to the display, which is as international as ever. There are nearly 500 motor-cars priced from £100 to £3000, 50 caravans, a fleet of motor-cruisers, and many smaller craft.

The total power in all the motor-cars is over 13,000 h.p., an indication that the average horse-power has risen this year. The cars are roomier, even the small ones having larger bodies than last year. All have a neater appearance, freakish streamlines giving place to contours of greater dignity.

The bugbears of noise, vibration, and bad visibility are becoming evils of the past, while the brakes and tyres have been designed to reduce skidding.

If noise on the road is bad, noise on the water is worse, and we find sound-deadening material lining the compartments enclosing the machinery of the motor-boats. In some of the craft there are twin screws and motors, with a view to saving fuel on enclosed waters and increasing speed and safety at sea.

PALESTINE

The Return To Peace

There is a feeling of intense relief in Palestine at the news that the Arabs have agreed to end the strife which has disturbed the country for so long.

The Arabs, having been appealed to by neighbouring Arab rulers to end their resistance, have agreed to do so in the hope that the British Government will recognise that their grievances were justified and will bring them to an end.

It is feared that there may be an organised boycott of Jewish trade and of the sale of land to Jews, with the idea of convincing the Jews that Palestine cannot be their National Home; but with the end of violence and the return of ordered government there is little doubt that this delicate problem can be solved to the satisfaction of both parties.

AUSTRIA

One More Dictator

Austria, whose central position makes her one of the "key" States of Europe, has come under a Dictatorship.

So this small but most important country, saved from beggary and ruin by the League of Nations, comes into line with Germany and Italy.

The new Dictator is Herr Von Schuschnigg, who has been Chancellor since the death of Dr Dollfuss. He has triumphed over a strong rival in Prince Starhemberg, the head of a private anti-Nazi army known as the Heimwehr. This and all other private armies have now been dissolved and Prince Starhemberg has left the country.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF JEAN BATTEN

The courageous Jean Batten has once more astonished the world.

Her flight alone to Australia in less than six days is one of the most remarkable adventures in the long history of travel. Miss Batten's time was 5 days 21 hours 3 minutes, beating the record of Mr H. F. Broadbent by more than 24 hours.

A punctured tyre threatened to spoil Miss Batten's record near the end, but there was a man about who was not without imagination, and, seizing some sponges, he thrust them into the puncture and Miss Batten flew on.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

More than 58,000 people visited the birthplace of Burns during the year ending September 30.

Mr Richard Gatenby, a Wensleydale local preacher turned 70, still cycles to his preaching appointments in the Yorkshire dales, where in the last 50 years he has covered 300,000 miles.

The Ukraine has now 50 special cinemas for children; 15 more are being fitted to travel in villages and 20 more for schools.

At Winsford Council School in Cheshire the children grow their own flax, spinning and weaving it into wearable articles which are sold, profits going to the local cottage hospital.

The Men of the Trees have been offered 2,500,000 young oaks together with 200 acres of land to start a Coronation Oak Forest.

The Commissioner for the Distressed Areas, Mr Malcolm Stewart, has resigned, and is succeeded by Sir George Gillett.

There was another disturbance in the East End last Sunday, arising from an anti-Fascist demonstration organised by Communists. Many Jewish shops were broken into.

B B C RUBBISH

The CN believes that some protest should be made against the B B C circulating the rubbish talked by astrologers about the stars.

Every school, every college, every university, every library in this country exists to deny the farrago of nonsense which says our lives are ruled by the stars, and it is deplorable that this superstition of the Dark Ages should be given the authority and publicity of the B B C.

THINGS SEEN

A London transport lorry turning a corner on its wrong side at Peckham.

A cigarette thrown from a car at Hull falling into the pocket of an old lady and setting it alight.

A lunar rainbow lasting some minutes at Mottram-in-Longdendale, Cheshire.

A man carrying a fox down Dublin's fashionable street.

A painted lady, a red admiral, and a tortoiseshell butterfly on one spray of Michaelmas daisies in October.

THINGS SAID

100 m.p.h. at Brooklands is infinitely less exciting than 40 m.p.h. on some of our roads.

Captain J. S. Irving

Already 500,000 slum dwellers have gone to better homes, and they are continuing to go at the rate of 6000 a month.

Sir Kingsley Wood

Civilisation cannot save itself; it can only be saved by the rule of the Kingdom of God.

Archbishop of Canterbury

To the Bible we owe the inclusion of New Zealand in the Empire.

Lord Bledisloe

If democratic institutions are to survive we must prove that they can act as effectively and as promptly as despotisms.

Mr Lloyd George

We were doing 54 miles an hour in a built-up area.

BBC Broadcaster

There is no room for war or dictatorship in a prosperous world.

President Roosevelt

Never has there been such an intelligent interest in the living drama as now.

Mr John Drinkwater

It is an age of extraordinary sentimentality, with little dignity, reserve, or creative genius.

Canon Alexander of St Paul's

October 17, 1936

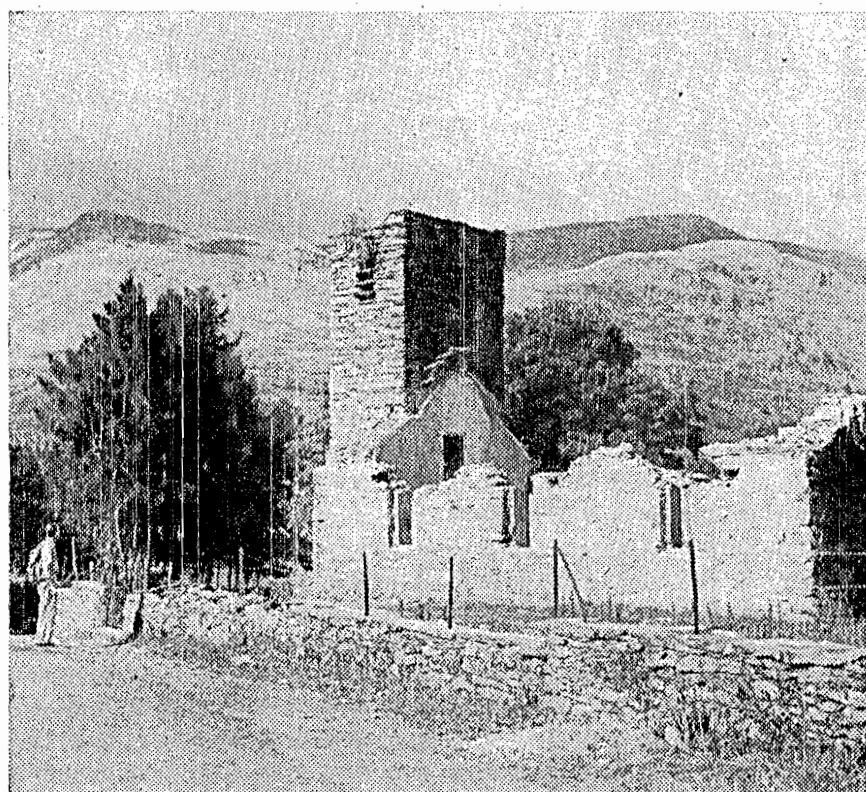
The Children's Newspaper

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Sea Harvest • Air-minded Schoolgirls • Doomed Church



Visitors From Australia—Old boys of King's School, Sydney, at Rugby practice at Richmond. The team is to meet English and Scottish schools in friendly games



Doomed Church—The remains of Mardale Church in Westmorland are to be blown up before the Mardale Valley is submerged to provide a vast new water supply for Manchester



Air-minded Schoolgirls—Competitors at a meeting of model aeroplane clubs in Berlin, at which 350 schools were represented



Sea Harvest—Unloading a catch at Yarmouth, where the herring season has just opened



Model Ship—Mr Colin Ellis of Sheffield with the beautiful model of a three-masted barque he has made. Correct in details, the model has taken over two years to complete

PARSON-BUILDER OF YORKSHIRE

Mr Pimm On the Roof
and in the Study

HIS CALENDAR OF AUTHORS

The Yorkshire village of Sutton-on-Derwent is a very different place since Mr. Michael Pimm went there some 15 years ago.

He went as rector of its Norman church, but his work has shown him to be an efficient bricklayer, tiler, typist, and editor.

His friends and parishioners have recently proved that they have appreciated what he has done by presenting him with a suite of furniture, a testimonial, and a typewriter.

The ceremony took place in the parish hall which he helped to build with his own hands. Having restored the church, he was offered £500 toward a hall, but the tenders came to twice that sum. He determined not to wait, but called the farmers and villagers together, and they united to build the hall in their spare time, the tiling of the roof being the rector's special task.

The new typewriter will be most useful, because Mr Pimm produces a calendar of his own to provide funds for his parish. It is an author's calendar, the page for each day bearing the name of a writer born on that date and a quotation from one of his works. Its compilation entails much work and correspondence, so there was purpose behind the gift of a typewriter. Mr Pimm has served the Church for over 40 years already, and the C.N. sends him its best wishes for many more years of excellent and inspiring service.

NEWS FROM RAROTONGA

DEAR C.N.,

Rarotonga again calls.

In your March 28 issue reference is made to the Melanesians on Malekula, New Hebrides.

Cook Islanders are Polynesians, and, instead of keeping their numbers down by war and cannibalism, they have, according to the census taken this year, increased from 8045 to 10,020 in the Lower Group. Figures for the Northern Group are not yet to hand. The Northern Islands depend upon schooner service, which is somewhat irregular.

To compare with Malekula is more of a contrast. Cook Islanders were probably as brave fighters and as great cannibals as the Malekulans. They were quick, however, to adapt themselves to all that the white man's civilisation has brought, especially general hygiene and sanitation; hence the present increase in numbers.

Cook Islanders readily assimilated Christianity, education, the methods of British rule, and the intricacies of trade. They have been able, in a comparatively short space of time, to advance from Stone Age conditions into the floodlight of modern civilisation.

Yours faithfully, A. MCKENZIE.
Rarotonga, August 20, 1936.

JOHANNESBURG'S JUBILEE SHOW

A house built on the old Dutch lines has been erected at the Johannesburg Jubilee Exhibition, in which many priceless treasures are being housed.

The Dutch furniture has been insured for £6000. There are three clocks over three centuries old, a beautiful wardrobe, and silver which was made by the troops of the Dutch East India Company.

The Victoria Falls Building invites the visitor to walk through a model of the rain forest with trees of which the leaves are made of paper. There are scenes of the Falls painted on a screen, and below the screen the water cascades over a model of the Falls themselves, and crashes down a gorge.

A QUIET REVOLUTION

THE NATIONS ACTING TOGETHER

Regularising Money Exchange and
Moving Toward Trade Freedom

THE BRITISH DECLARATION

IT is useful to look back at the steps that have lately been taken to regularise the world's money systems and to set trade free from barriers. It is like a quiet revolution that may have momentous consequences.

France lost no time in taking action as soon as the reduced franc became legal on October 1. Her Exchange Equalisation Fund, in agreement with similar funds in Britain and America, immediately operated to secure stability of exchange rates for the franc, the pound sterling, and the dollar. We have now to regard these three currencies as controlled in international exchange by co-operative agency.

The franc became steady at about 105½ to the £ and at about 21½ to the dollar, while the dollar became a fraction under 5 to the £.

Speculators can do nothing in an exchange market so powerfully controlled, and they now keep away from exchange speculation for fear of burning their fingers. The rates of exchange are dominated by the three nations, and business can be safely transacted by importers and exporters.

The French Government on October 2 put into practice its declared intention of lowering trade barriers. The chief changes made were:

1. It reduced by 15 to 20 per cent Customs tariffs on all articles *not* the subject of quota restrictions.
2. It suspended 105 out of 750 existing quotas. (A quota is a method of drastically reducing imports of an article to a particular quantity).

Move in the Right Direction

It must be confessed that these changes are not very liberal, for no less than 645 import quotas remained in force, but the move is in the right direction. It is something that France should lead in tariff reduction, even if it was absolutely necessary for her own sake to take action to prevent French home prices from rising. On October 5 M. Bastid, French Minister of Commerce, declared at Geneva to the League of Nations Economic Committee that France is preparing a new tariff system which will abolish all quotas.

On this same day, October 5, Italy announced that she would come into line by devaluing the lira and reducing trade barriers.

The gold content of the lira is to be reduced by 41 per cent, so that its value in English money will be reduced from 64 lire to 90 lire to the £ sterling, and in American money from 12 lire to 19 lire to the dollar. At the same time the Italian Government is raising a compulsory loan from all owners of landed property, which is expected to aid the ownership of land by the peasants.

The Law Must Be Careful

WHILE it keeps an eye on careless motorists the law has to be careful about its own p's and q's—prepositions and other parts of speech.

It mixed them up in a summons against a motorist at Hythe who was accused of driving without due care and attention or without due consideration for other users of the road.

When the summons said "or" it meant "and"; because anybody driving without due care or attention is driving also without reasonable consideration for others.

The law must say what it means, and it meant to say that the motorist, while doing one thing, was also doing the other. But the wording of the summons made it appear that if he was

Also on this same day, October 5, our Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr W. S. Morrison, M.P., made a most important declaration to the League Economic Committee in which, after referring to the success of our own abandonment of the gold standard in 1931, he termed the present situation *A signal opportunity for clearing away obstacles in international trade.*

He appealed for definite and practical steps by the nations to remove trade barriers, and pointed out that if such steps were not taken the British Government would find it difficult to resist pressure from its own traders to protect them against intensified competition. This, of course, referred to the fact that devalued foreign money would assist foreign competition, just as the British devaluation of 1931 helped British exports.

A Hopeful Situation

Mr Morrison accordingly welcomed, on behalf of Britain, the declarations of France in favour of freer trade, and even while he was speaking Mussolini was issuing a statement that he agreed with Britain, France, and America "that the economic settlement of the world was one of the necessary conditions for collaboration between the peoples to the ends of peace." Holland, Switzerland, Greece, and other States have also taken steps to fall into line.

This is a brief review of a hopeful situation, but much remains to be done in the practical work of collaboration. A host of public and private interests have to be reconciled. Already some of our traders are calling for increased protection against France.

The position of France is extremely difficult. M. Blum speaks eloquently of both military and economic disarmament. These, indeed, are the world's dire needs, and we are entitled to hope that eloquent words will be followed by adequate deeds.

France faces two problems, her own domestic economic troubles, which are grave enough, and her relations with Germany and other powers. In essence these two things are one. Domestic need counsels her to economise her resources and to balance her national accounts, but it is difficult to do this while war threatens and millions of francs are poured out for arms.

Peace is thus her first interest, and at present she balances her new alliance with Bolshevik Russia against her fear of Hitler's Germany. A better avenue to peace must be found, and it is only to be found in ceasing to deny fair opportunity to Germany. This implies much more than adjusting currencies, but the difficulty is that it depends on fair and equal cooperation between both countries.

not doing the first he might be convicted for doing the second.

That would never do. Neither would it do for the law, having made a mistake, to try to correct it on the spot. The accused must abide by the consequences of their actions, and so must the law.

The magistrates suggested that the police might amend the summons; but the motorist's lawyer pointed out that the case of the police had closed, and the charge could not be altered afterwards. So there was nothing for the law to do but dismiss the case, and be careful about its prepositions in future.

Let no one say with Mr Bumble that the "law is a lass." It is merely careful to give even a motorist the benefit of the doubt.

A REMARKABLE SKULL

The Second Biggest
Known

WHO COULD HAVE OWNED IT?

A human skull has been found in the Aleutian Islands with a brain capacity which is second to the biggest on record.

The capacity of this find is 2005 cubic centimetres, 25 less than that of the brain of Turgenev, the Russian novelist. In cubic inches the figure is 122.305.

The skull was unearthed by Dr Hrdlicka, the anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, in a deposit of soil, which indicated that it belonged to a native of these islands.

When alive the owner of this skull must have been a remarkable man, though it is the elaborate foldings of the brain rather than its mere size that determine intellectual ability.

The European nations are the big-brained people, the average capacity of their brains exceeding 1450 cubic centimetres. Bismarck was distinguished by a brain of 1965 cubic centimetres, La Fontaine by one of 1950, and Beethoven by one of 1750. At the other end of the human scale the average brain of the Australian aborigine does not exceed 1350 cubic centimetres, while many native races in India and Africa have medium-sized brains between 1350 and 1450 cubic centimetres. The size of the gorilla's brain is 500.

Unfortunately the facial bones of the Aleutian skull were missing, so that evidence as to race is not available. Men had big brains half a million years ago, as the skull found at Galley Hill in Kent in 1888 proved. Our Aleutian may have lived a very long time ago.

ONE MILLION

The Telephone on the
Lord Mayor's Table

London's millionth telephone is to be presented to the Lord Mayor.

On Friday afternoon the P.M.G. will meet the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and in the presence of officials from the Telephone Service Department the P.M.G. will place a gold-coloured telephone on the Lord Mayor's table.

This telephone will be the millionth issued by the London Telephone Service.

As it is a gift the usual fee charged for installation, which is ten shillings, has been ignored, so that the Lord Mayor has his new telephone free.

It is interesting to note that the first telephone to be patented was made by Alexander Graham Bell 60 years ago.

HEALTH FOR ALL

By Lord Mottistone

Lord Mottistone has been saying some wise words on the health of young people, and we take this from his speech as Chairman of the National Savings Committee.

Well-to-do boys and girls are built up until the age of 18 by continuous games, so that by the time they reach years of discretion they are healthier than the young people of other countries; but it is not so in the case of elementary school children.

From the time they cease to be scholars, with the exception of those who are specially helped, their health and bodily vigour gradually deteriorates just when attention is most needed.

Our country is falling behind others, and unless we take steps at once the health of our people will become a real menace to national well-being. We must seek not rigidity, but rhythm; there is no need for the old barrack-square drill. What is wanted is the free movement as practised at the Greek Games 3000 years ago.

MAGPIE HOARD WORTH A FORTUNE

Last of a Famous
Collection

TREASURES NEVER UNPACKED

The end of this month will see at Christie's London sale rooms the last of the amazing collection which Mr C. H. T. Hawkins spent £10,000 a year for 25 years in bringing together.

Some of the treasures he brought back from sales and art dealers were never even unpacked. He seemed to collect things like a magpie, carrying them home in triumph, and then forgetting all about them.

Crates of rare objects remained with their lids on, and yet he went on buying more and more and more, till his home in Portland Place looked like a warehouse, filled with these boxes and crates of unseen treasures, and with such things as jewels and miniatures and precious books lying about anywhere. It is said that a snuffbox which fetched £1900 was found in the drawer of a washstand.

A Holbein Miniature

Since Mr Hawkins died at the beginning of this century there have been several sales from this magpie hoard. A Holbein miniature fetched £2750 (and has since sold for 5900 guineas). One of the snuffboxes so casually left about fetched £6400, the highest a snuffbox has ever touched in an auction. There were books and pictures and ivories, and there were 1000 uncut precious stones which alone fetched nearly £20,000.

Now Mrs Hawkins has died, and the last of her husband's astounding collection is to be dispersed. It seems like a game among the collectors; a fresh deal and the game goes on; but, whether the things find themselves in museums or private hands, we can be quite sure they will be more looked at than they were by the eccentric man who first brought them all together.

A GIFT TO LEEDS Trust For the Nation

The Archbishop of Canterbury has opened the Brotherton Library at Leeds University.

The gift of Lord Brotherton, who laid the foundation-stone four months before his death in 1930, it has cost £120,000, and is now one of the most imposing buildings in Leeds University.

When the new building scheme of the university is complete the library will have the administrative block and an arts wing and a science wing for company. A great circular building bigger than the Reading Room of the British Museum, it has a central hall with a dome, and an ambulatory round a host of recesses. The roof rests on a ring of green marble pillars quarried in Sweden, the capitals and basis of bronze; and there is beautiful woodwork of Austrian oak inlaid with bands of darker laurel wood from India. The author-catalogue comprises 360 small volumes in a circular container built round the ventilation shaft in the centre of the main reading room. They are bound in crimson leather, and make a belt of brightness amid pale surroundings.

A special gallery is devoted to the Brotherton collection, and the library is designed to hold a million volumes.

THE BIG CAMP

An African chieftain who is believed to be over a hundred was given his first aeroplane flight the other day.

The pilot took him over Johannesburg, which is just remembering how it has sprung in fifty years from a few miners' shacks to an immense modern city. They circled slowly over it, so that the old African might see the wide streets and high buildings.

The old man, who had so long and wisely ruled his people in the wilderness, looked down on the great city and shook his head.

The camp is too big, he said.

THE CAR IN THE ALBERT HALL

Ride on the New Steel
Floor

London's Albert Hall is used to changes.

One night it may open its doors to a boxing match, the next to a famous orchestra. Politicians have lost their voices and massed choirs have raised theirs under its mighty dome, and we have seen the floor turned into a giant kaleidoscope by the coloured ribbons of morris dancers.

But if Walt Disney had been drawing the Albert Hall the other day its great round dome would have had a mouth wide open with astonishment, for below it, inside the building, not out, a car was careering round and round.

This careering car was there to test the stability of the new metal floor which is to take the place of the wooden one made 32 years ago. This movable floor, for use when floor space rather than seating accommodation is needed, covers the whole of the arena up to the level of the first tier of boxes, spreading its 16,000 square feet over 2600 seats.

The new floor is all of steel except for a top layer of wooden boards. It can be either rigid for exhibitions or sprung for dances, and has had to be made so that it can be put down and taken up as quickly as possible.

CORONATION FLAGS

The entire British Empire is busily laying in stocks of Coronation Flags.

Big exports are being made from home, and imports from abroad are recorded.

It will be remembered that the President of our Board of Trade made an appeal in this matter which should hardly have been necessary; such a national and Imperial event as the Coronation is one peculiarly for the use of national and Imperial material. Yet it is reported that Japanese flags are being imported.

A DRAGON IN FAIRYLAND

The Clapham Common
Monster Discovered
LITTLE MACAULAY'S POND

Macaulay should have been living at this hour. There have been such excitements in the scene of his dreams, delights, and visions!

The big pond at Clapham Common was found to have a monster, black, grim, and noisy, and fearsome to boot. It would have been welcome and appropriate to little Tom Macaulay, for when he was a child, living in the High Street, the Common was a land of sheer enchantment to him, peopled by his fancy with wonders far eclipsing that of the mystery which has been alarming the children there today.

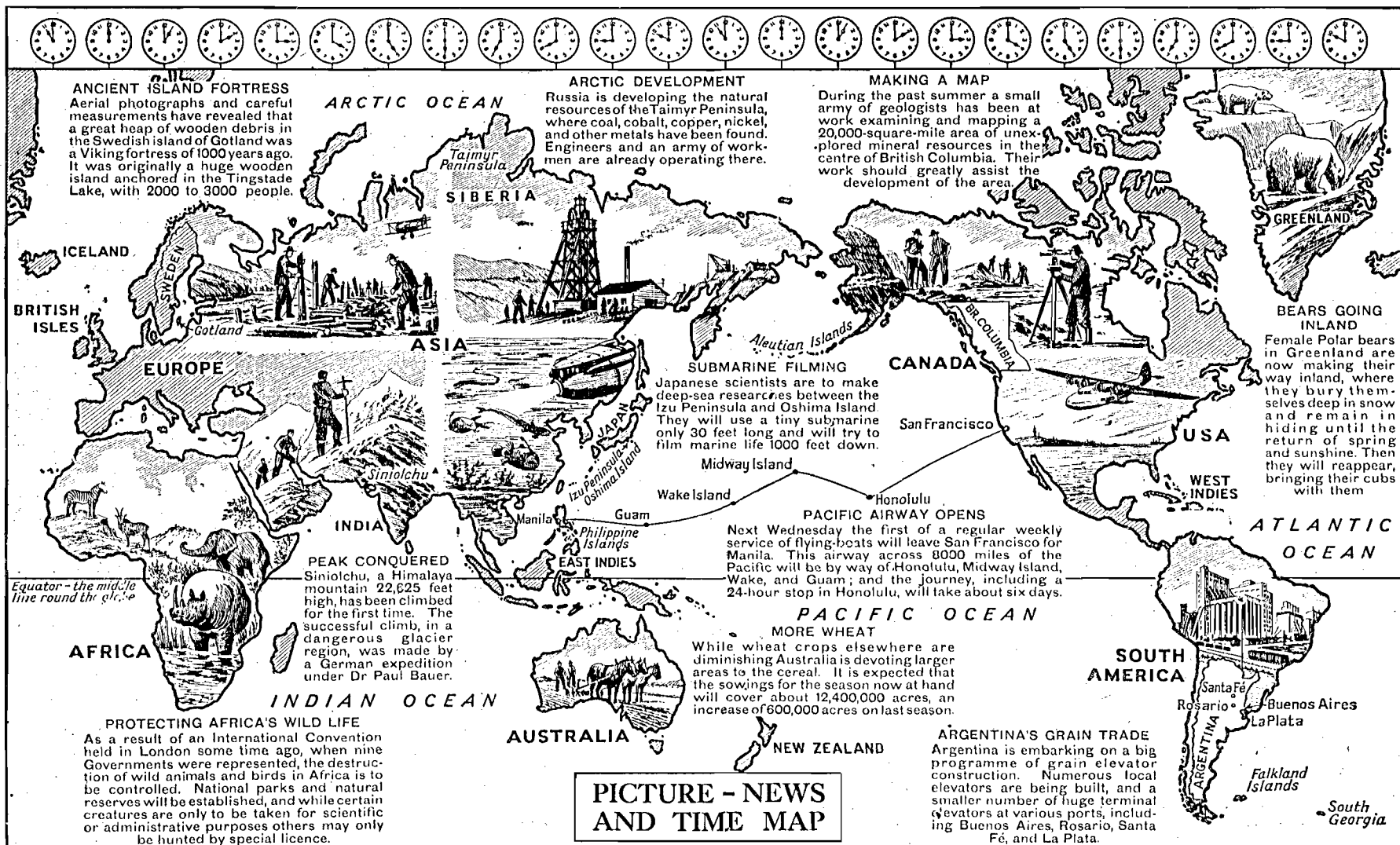
It was to him a place of inexhaustible delight, into which a monster would have fitted perfectly. So tiny was he at the time that the petty ridge, divided by two ditches at the western end of the Common, was to him the Alps, while the shrub-covered island in the pond of the monster seemed to him so awe-inspiring that he thought it was Mount Sinai.

Something Big and Black

What he would have called the monster itself we cannot imagine; he had a name of his own, with a fitting story and characters, for every spot of land and water on the Common. The children of our own day were as little able to tell what the monster was.

All they could say was that it was big and black, and that when it rose from the water it made a terrifying sucking noise.

Well, there was truly a monster, and it did make the noise the children heard. The keepers investigated, and put the dragon in its place. It proved to be the fallen bough of a tree which became water-logged and sank from time to time, and from time to time reappeared, making a strange sound.



CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 17 1936

Let All Things Be Done
in Order

THE liberty and order of East London have been much in the news, and all good citizens will watch with interest the movements now taking shape to prevent the disturbance of the ordered life which has so long prevailed. "down east."

Since the police turned back a Fascist army to avert a riot in the East End a good deal has been said about the rights of bodies of people to walk where they like and to say what they please.

It is the right of all people in this free country to walk the streets in procession, carrying their banners with them. It does not matter whether they are Communists carrying the Red Flag and singing that dismal chant, or Fascists parading their black shirts and signifying the excellence of their principles by singing God Save the King. We may think that these partisans, seeking to build up a new Party in defiance of our institutions and of British ideas, should not take our National Anthem and sing it as a sort of grace before their meetings, but we may let that pass. No one will want to dispute with Sir Oswald Mosley about taste or good feeling; what is in dispute is the matter of good citizenship.

It is the first duty of the good citizen to keep the peace. The more freedom allowed to him to air his opinions, the more careful he must be not to shout them in the faces of those who do not like them. That is how fights begin, and in this country we do not like fights. We keep the police to prevent them.

At the same time we encourage free speech. We offer either to Communist or Fascist, or to any other brand of peculiar people, the wide open spaces of Hyde Park to proclaim their views. We even place at their disposal, at our expense, great numbers of police to see them safely in and out and to secure them a fair hearing. In England a man can stand on a tub and talk whatever nonsense he likes, while the people listen, smile, and pass on. Having done this for peace and quietness we have a right to insist that neither Fascists nor Communists shall turn out looking for trouble by thrusting themselves and their propaganda into neighbourhoods (the narrow streets of the East End in particular) where they are sure to find it.

Such conduct is not good patriotism, and is not calculated to help the cause of those who seek to win the sympathies of our people.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Craftsman's Triumph

IT is refreshing to learn that at the 37th annual Shoe and Leather Fair in London a village craftsman has won the prize in the national shoe-repairing contest.

His expert craftsmanship gave him the victory over competitors who had the advantage of all mechanical aids.

This show was also remarkable for the exhibition of Coronation footwear. Women's shoes are being done in red, white, and blue; and it is said that they are to have lower heels, so that women will stand, as Peter Puck says, more firmly in their shoes.

October



Dancing Leaves—by J. R. Monsell

The Farthing

THE other day a railway passenger, wanting a penny paper from the bookstall and having no other small change, offered a halfpenny and two farthings. "That's no use to us," said the clerk.

What then happened is not clear, but the clerk was certainly breaking the law if he refused the coins. The law lays it down that legal tender is up to 40 shillings in silver, 12 pence in pennies or halfpennies, and sixpence in farthings.

Whoever refuses to accept such tender is guilty of a breach of the law.

Freedom and Dignity

WE read that the Viceroy at Addis Ababa has expressed his desire that the inhabitants of Abyssinia should be free and should have a proper consciousness of their dignity as human beings.

Will there not be much searching of heart and much jealousy in Italy?

The Old Days

The old days never come again because they would be getting in the way of the new better days, whose turn it is.

George MacDonald

At the Kinema

THE Film Censor of the Swedish Government has told the National Council for Mental Hygiene that in his country films with scenes of terror and vulgar crime, and films which might interfere with the friendship of other countries, are forbidden. In 1917 a Swedish decree forbade the public demonstration of hypnotism, and this applied also to films.

Could not our own Government take the censorship of films in hand? It is high time it was done.

We have discovered very late that our people are not very fit physically: we may discover too late that too many young people have too much film-mind and are not very fit mentally.

Tip-Cat



SOMEONE has made a clock out of a lawn-mower. It goes without being pushed.

TREES are invaluable in a hot climate. Palms are especially handy.

CHILDREN are allowed to paint whatever they like in modern art classes. Except the furniture.

PHYSICAL culture is being taught on the films. Reels are recommended.

YOU can buy towels for children with the alphabet on. One way of rubbing it in.

COUNTRY girls have keen eyesight. But some go up to town because they can't see much in the country.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

If a hatter
likes a nap
on his hat



SOME children like to rule. Others can write straight without.

THERE are so many apples this year farmers declare they are not worth picking. But they cannot say it is a fruitless task.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ABOUT half-a-million unemployed have found work in the last 12 months.

HALF-A-MILLION shrubs and 20,000 trees are being planted this autumn in Leningrad.

JUST AN IDEA

Why is it that the motor business, which thrives on the beauty of the countryside, does more than any other business in the land to destroy the thing it lives on?

Autumn Petition

By Our Country Girl.

LADIES and gentlemen,
Maidens and boys,
You with the money bags,
Trinkets, and toys,
Motor-cars, aeroplanes,
Wireless, and phone,
Why should you steal from us
Poor and alone?

LADIES and gentlemen,
We are the birds;
We have no garden plots,
Cattle, or herds.
God in His graciousness
Sent for our need
Hawthorn and brier fruit,
Berry and seed.

MANY a berry bough
You bear away,
Put in a flower vase,
There to decay.
Gold are chrysanthemums,
Dahlias are red;
Pluck them, good people, and
Leave us our bread!

But a Single Thought

By The Pilgrim

SHE was a very gracious old lady,
and he was a very courteous
old gentleman.

They had been showing us round their home, and after opening the French windows the lady led the way into the garden. "John cares for the lawns," she said, smiling; "and look at the chrysanthemums—he just smiles them into flower, don't you, John?"

He shook his head. "No," he said, "I leave that to you, my dear. Besides, you helped to put the stakes in, and you nipped the buds." He paused. "There's a touch of autumn in the wind," he added anxiously. "I'll just run along and bring you a shawl, my dear."

"There's no need," she told him; but he would go. While he was gone she whispered, "That's John all over. He fusses round me now after fifty years just as he used to do before we were married. I am always scolding him for it, but I don't know what I should do without him."

Back came John. He threw the shawl over her shoulders, and then, stepping back, he whispered, "Wonderful woman, you know. Always thinking of me. I don't know what I should do without her."

A Word From Shakespeare

To Troublers of the Streets

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Begone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Julius Caesar

Alexander, at the head of the world,
never tasted the true pleasure that
boys of his own age enjoyed at the
head of a school.

Horace Walpole

OVER THE HILLS TO BALA

MARY JONES AND HER LONG TRAMP

The Courage of a Girl That
Inspired the Bible Society

MONUMENT TO BE RESTORED

The Methodists of Towyn in Merionethshire are going to restore a memorial which recalls the faith and courage of a village girl a hundred years and more ago.

The memorial stands among the ruins of a cottage at Llanfihangel-y-Pennant under the shadow of the bleak and rugged Cader Idris. Time has worn the red granite monument the Merioneth Sunday-schools erected to Mary Jones, who lived here and set out one morning in 1800 on a difficult tramp of 30 miles to buy a Bible with her precious savings. Her monument is to be made bright again, as bright as the memory of her action, which has inspired the children of Wales for generations.

A Great Religious Revival

In the reign of George the Third to get a Bible in Welsh must have seemed to Mary Jones (then 15) beyond her wildest dreams.

In the last years of the eighteenth century there was a great religious revival in North Wales, led by Thomas Charles, a priest whose opinions made it hard for him to find a post in the Established Church. Coming to Bala, he began to teach children in the Methodist chapel there, and before long he was establishing Sunday-schools all over the county. In 1799 he persuaded the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge to issue a cheap Welsh Bible.

Mary Jones knew of the splendid work of Thomas Charles, and when she learnt that copies of the Bible were to be sold in Bala she began to save her pennies and eventually determined to go to Bala for the precious book.

The Long-Desired Treasure

She set out on the lonely journey over mountains and across rough and desolate country to the little town of Bala, and there she met Thomas Charles, bought her long-desired treasure, and made her toilsome journey home.

The determination of this girl so deeply impressed the evangelist that he resolved to secure more Bibles for the Welsh people, at a price which the poorest of them could afford. In London he suggested to the Tract Society that a society like theirs should be formed to supply Welsh Bibles. Another Welshman, Joseph Hughes, declared that something bigger than that should be done, and the British and Foreign Bible Society came into existence. In 1806 the society's first Welsh Bibles were issued, having been prepared for the printers by Thomas Charles himself. All over the world the Bible Society has been sending Bibles since then, and we have just been looking at its new annual report, a little sixpenny book called *The Flowing Tide*. It is a model for all such publications.

A Prologue of Great Beauty

Enriched with a striking photograph of William Tyndale as he stands in bronze overlooking the Thames, the book opens with a prologue of great beauty. Its author has drawn from our poets and writers of prose for his comparison of the ebb and flow of the ocean tides with the spiritual tide of which this little book tells.

More than eleven and a half million volumes of the Scriptures were put into the hands of the people last year, and some part of the Bible was translated into 13 languages for the first time. The Bible Society's Book is still the world's best seller, and still the matchless book of English poetry and prose.

THE STORY OF 200 FAMILIES

Going To Alaska

HELPING OTHERS AS WELL
AS THEMSELVES

We wonder how many farmers in the United States have their grumblings cut short with the terse rejoinder, "Oh, go to Alaska!"

Not a few of them wish they could go, for 162 of the 200 American farming families who went from distressed areas to Alaska in the spring of 1935 have done so well that the Government has now a waiting list of about 3000 families who want to join the Matanuska farm colony in this bit of the United States beyond North-west Canada.

We told at the time about this pioneer settlement planned by the American Relief Administration to help families in distressed farming areas. The 200 families went north with 400 timber men to clear a place for them among Alaska's primeval forests, from which the settlement's stout log houses have been built. The settlers were to be allowed 30 years in which to pay back to the Government the cost of their farms, estimated at about 4000 dollars each.

A Ready Market

They have started well. They have passed through one long winter in this Arctic State, one-third of which has a winter of unchanging night; but in their southern, more friendly, patch they have found the winter not too severe to prevent their going on with the task of stripping the thick moss cover from the rich soil. They have 1000 acres under cultivation (they are aiming at 40 to 80 acres a farm); they have found a ready market in Alaska itself, have a railway to distribute their produce, and a cannery for the surplus. A hospital, a meeting hall, a trading post, and a barber's shop are established.

Corn and tomatoes are absent from their varied crops, but their vegetables and dairy products have relieved a great scarcity in this vast lonely State, ten times as big as England. Thus the farmers brought here for their own relief look as though they are not only going to help themselves, but also to help to develop this naturally rich land, which the United States bought from Russia for over seven million dollars worth of gold in 1867.

THE LONG STORY ENDING

Bardsey Island May Lose Its People

Bardsey Island off the south-west coast of Caernarvonshire may soon have no inhabitants except the lighthouse men.

Life is too monotonous there, say the young people, for only eight families now live on the island. In 30 years the population has fallen from a hundred to 35.

Already a family of six has decided to leave for the mainland, and two other families are said to be following suit.

Although the mainland is only about three miles away and the islanders have a motor-boat, they feel very much cut off during the winter. There is no telephone or telegraph, and often in stormy weather they are unable to communicate with the mainland for three weeks at a time. In cases of emergency they have to light flares on a mountain top.

Bardsey Island is famed because it was the last retreat of the Welsh bards. Tradition says that 20,000 monks were buried there; and this is likely, for monks from all the great abbeys of England were taken there after death, whenever their families could afford to grant their desire to be buried there. From north, east, and south special roads, with wells at every seven or nine miles, ran across England to Bardsey.

Pamela's Way SURPRISING CHANGE

IN RUSSIA

Back To the Land

THE SOVIET SPLITTING UP THE FARMS

The Russian Government has decided that it is not cut out for the work of a big farmer.

It is beginning to break up the State farms in South Russia, the Caucasus, and Siberia, and 4,000,000 acres of them are being redistributed among small groups of small farmers, who will work them for their own profit, while giving a share of the proceeds to the labourers.

This seems like an ideal scheme of small-holdings and allotments, if the peasants can hold their own with the farmers, or if the Soviet, having renounced its large-scale farming, does not interfere with both. The farmer has at present the best of the bargain because, though he and the others who take up a farm with him will have to pay for the stock, implements, machinery, and buildings which the Soviet provided for its State farms, several years' credit is allowed, and the land is given away.

The Agricultural Serfs

The Soviet may be depended on to see that the labourers whom it hands over with the farms have a fair deal when the farmers have to pay. Hitherto these agricultural serfs have had to work for little more than their keep, for the wages promised them have been paid only at long intervals. Millions of pounds are said to be owing to these wage slaves, who are not much better off than they were before the revolution, or before the Five Years Plan.

What seems most important is that State farming on a large scale has failed in Russia, though there was never a better opportunity for the experiment. The land cost nothing; such cultivation as it had already received was also not paid for, and the State was there to take the crops. But everybody who has been allowed to visit these farms without being personally conducted has come away with the same tale of bad management and unskilled agriculture.

A Truth of Field and Farm

The good earth offers everywhere, from China to Russia, ample reward to the cultivator if he is an industrious honest man. But it is one of the oldest truths of field and farm that no one can tend them like the man who works for himself.

In Russia, as in Germany and Czechoslovakia, the movement of redistributing large landed estates among the peasants and small farmers is proceeding. Its object is to keep the large class of agriculturists satisfied, and at the same time to keep them on the land.

The cultivator of the land is more indispensable to the community than any other person. If there were no farmers it is estimated that the world would starve in six months.

RED SQUIRREL TO TEA

From a Correspondent

We sought the beauty of the countryside the other day when the sun shone.

We drove for miles through the mellowness of English cornfields till we reached the solitude of Savernake Forest. There under the great arches of the beech trees we had our tea, with a little red squirrel as our only company.

This rare little animal was having toadstool-tea when we drove up, and, although he ran up a tree, he allowed us to stand within two or three yards of him and admire his glossy red coat and his bright little face.

He stayed to quiz at us for a while, and then he disappeared among the branches far away above our heads.

Miss Pamela Barton, aged 19, has won the ladies' golf championships of Great Britain and the United States in the same year, the only girl who has ever done so.

Her friends call her Pam, for it seems only the other day that she was a smallish girl, hitting the ball with every ounce she had in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, and Pam, we expect, she will always be.

The name suits her, for though twice a champion she seems just the same smiling-faced child she was when first we saw her.

The first time we caught sight of her on the Mid-Surrey course, smacking her way along with a boy and a girl rather older than herself, we marvelled that anyone so light and slender could hit a ball so far.

The last time we saw her before she went to America she was patiently trying to teach a child not yet in her teens to hit the ball as she does. But though she was then a champion she was just the same Pam, as kind as she is fair, and very polite to an old gentleman who watched, and whom she could no doubt outdrive by a hundred yards.

Once before, when he was not watching her, she had surprised him in another way by the distance she had banged the ball when she got it in the middle of the club. He had got in the way of it! No harm was done, and after that he followed her career with lively interest.

Something of a Marvel

Then she was what others who marvelled at her prowess called a little bit of a thing. She has filled out since then, and is sturdy rather than slim; but taken any way she is something of a marvel. She had, to begin with, the gift which there is no imparting of so timing her shots as to give the highest speed to the clubhead when it meets the ball. But there is much more to her game than that.

Having the gift, she determined to improve the talent. Nobody rises to the heights in anything without giving their whole mind to it. Pam Barton did that; and to improve her game took lessons from a famous golf professional who worked her like any galley slave.

He said the other day he had sometimes kept her working at one shot for as much as a couple of hours. Other golfers will tell you that they do that by themselves; but the truth is not in them, or in many of them. Golfers' tales are like fishermen's tales.

Wonderful Concentration

But natural gifts and perseverance will not alone make champions. What else is it this young champion has? We think that first of all she is a child of the age, one who does not believe that because a thing has not been done before she cannot do it. The more the older experienced people tell her it is no good the more she determines to try.

Her teacher notes another point, her strongest. She is so good under fire, always calm, cool, and collected when the pinch comes. It is her attitude of mind which wins her matches for her. She has wonderful concentration, and wonderful fighting qualities coming up the home stretch where it matters most.

TOO BUSY

A Darlington company has had to refuse a Queen Mary contract because it is too busy.

This is even better news than people may imagine, for the busy works are those of the Darlington Forge Company, which re-opened nine months ago after being closed for four years, and now employs 750 men.

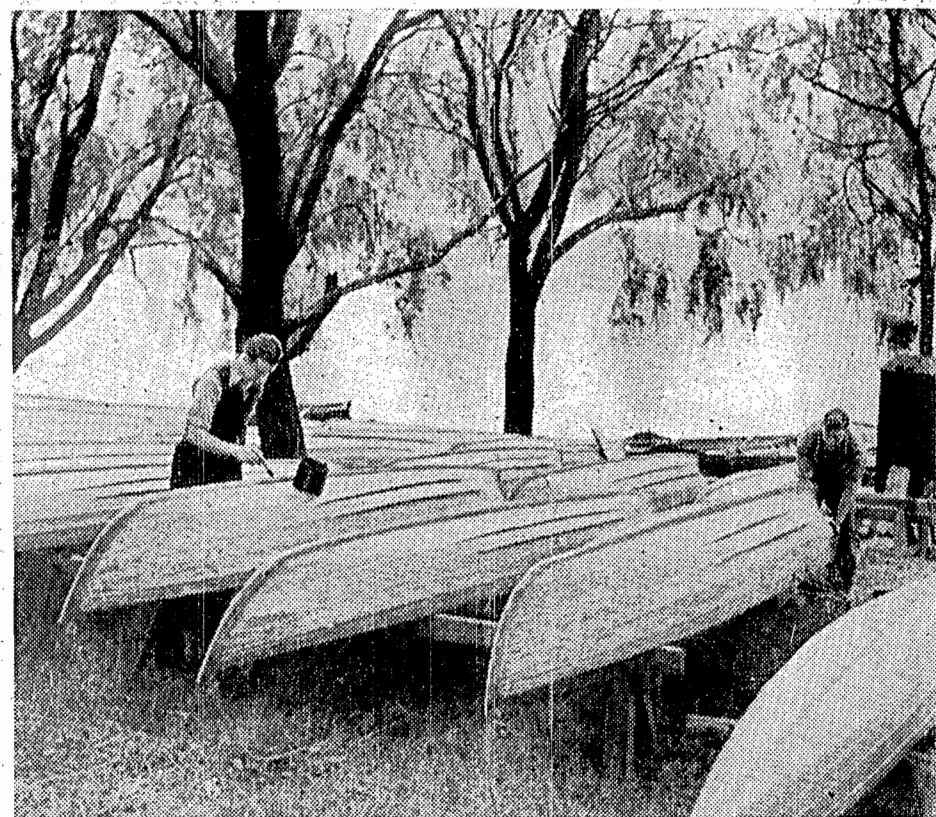


Pamela Barton

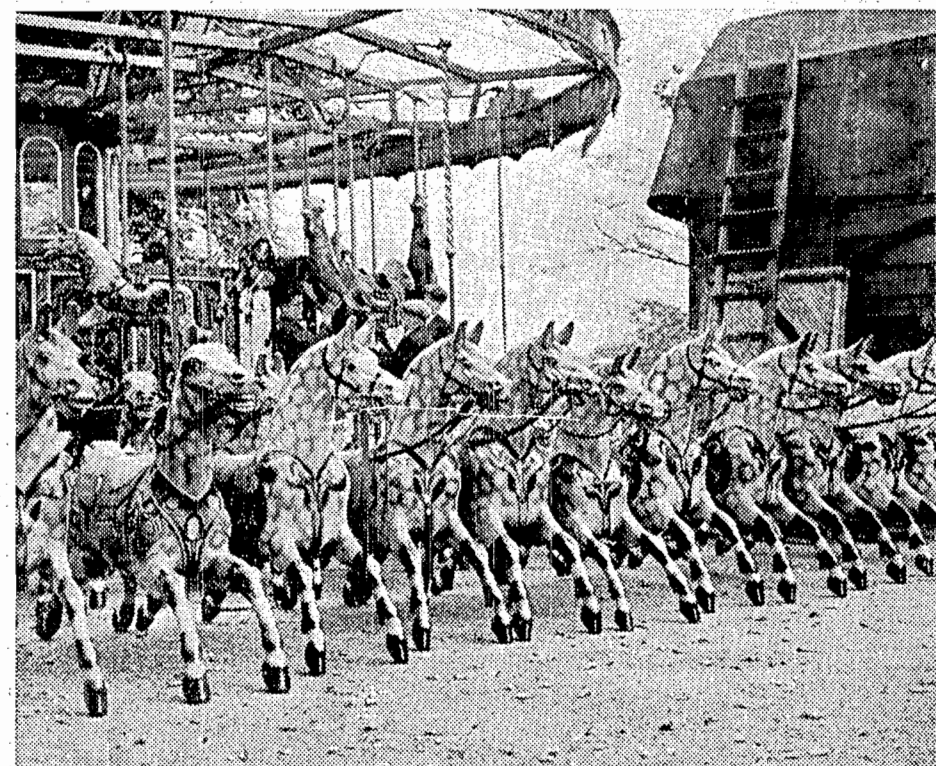
Signs of Winter's Approach



After a Rough Sea—Gathering seaweed on Margate beach for use as fertiliser on farms



Boats from Regent's Park lake receiving a coat of varnish before being stored for the winter



Roundabout horses at Theydon Bois being packed up after a busy summer

WYTHENSHAW

The Five-Year Town HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Five years ago the Manchester Corporation obtained Parliamentary powers to convert 16 square miles of agricultural land at Wythenshawe, in Cheshire into a garden city.

In 1930 the fields acquired had more animals than men. Today there are in this garden city 7000 excellent houses, most of them built by the corporation, and a population of 35,000.

Thus a great satellite town has been conjured into being. It is a refreshing contrast to the old dark and depressing suburbs of the cotton metropolis. Wythenshawe is a planned township in which parks abound. The architects have carefully preserved all the national beauties of the site. Copse and stream, pond and ancient tree, remain to gladden the eyes of the inhabitants and to teach us all what a well-made city can be.

Wythenshawe is bigger than Salford, and many more houses are to be built according to plan. Factory zones are arranged and new light industries attracted. There are churches, schools, hotels, and fine shops.

As might be expected, the health standard of Wythenshawe is higher than that of the old Manchester.

WILL THEY DO IT ?

21 Good Men and Strong Going South

From Hull have sailed twenty-one men and eight boys, bound for one of the most desolate reaches of the Antarctic.

For many years the South Polar whaling industry has been carried on by Norwegians in British-owned ships; now an experiment is being made to see if British flesh and blood can withstand the cold of the Far South. The men and boys who have sailed from Hull are risking everything for it. If it is found that they can spend seven months in the Antarctic regions and come back hale and hearty they will be followed next year by more men and boys.

"It is really a most important experiment," an official of the Hull Employment Exchange has explained. "If they do their work well and prove themselves it will probably mean work for many more British fishermen."

As for the men and boys, they are setting out with high hopes, determined to show that British pluck and British stamina are equal to all the demands the Antarctic can make on them.

THE BELL THAT WOULD NOT GO

Manchester Town Hall has sent 20 of its bells away, and 19 went quietly.

It was only the 20th, a five-ton veteran, who refused to be driven out of doors. Successfully taken down from his lofty belfry above the busy streets, he was carried to the door facing Albert Square, and there he stuck. The elaborate upper structure was too wide to go through the doorway, and for hours the unrehearsed comedy of the bell which had somehow got in but could not get out was played before an interested audience.

At last the metal top was cut through with an oxy-acetylene cutter, and the unwilling bell ushered on its way.

HUNTERS NOT WANTED

We announced the other day that a park in Kent had been closed against the otter hunters.

We are now informed that the Squire of Betley in Staffordshire has forbidden hunting on his land.

QUEER TITLE DEEDS

Sixpence & a Soup-Plate

The notices written on boards attached to palm trees declaring islands of the Phoenix group in the South Pacific to be the property of our King are laughably primitive in character, and recall the title-deeds to Empire set up in the great days when men in strange seas used to stumble on new lands by accident.

Two of the most remarkable were written while Shakespeare was alive, one in the Arctic, the other claiming Australia, both by gallant Dutchmen. The first was the Dutch equivalent of a sixpence nailed up by William Barents, a coin showing the head of his king, for whom he claimed Nova Zembla, where he had been frozen in for the winter with the first white crew to survive such a period in the Arctic.

The Dutch Claim To Australia

He was seeking an Arctic way to China, and, sailing 1700 miles in his tiny ship, tried 81 directions, during which he saw Spitsbergen—and ignored it in the belief that it was part of Greenland. He was icebound at the Nova Zembla of his discovery, and, though it contains over 35,000 square miles, thought it but 850.

When spring came in 1597 he nailed up his sixpence, sailed for home, and died as gallantly as he had lived, in the open boat to which the wreck of his ship had forced him. His hut, his diary, and all the belongings he had left were found nearly three centuries later.

The Dutch claim to Australia was even quainter than that of Barents in the Arctic. It was set up by Dirk Hartog, another Dutch sea rover, in the year Shakespeare died, on the west coast of the island continent at a spot still called after him, an island close by Shark's Bay, famous as the scene of the earlier exploration by our own William Dampier.

Dirk had to continue his travels, but he was minded to claim the land he had seen for his native Holland; so, there being nothing better available, he had recourse to his tin soup-plate.

Captain Dirk Hartog

On this he scratched this message: "On the 25th of October, 1616, arrived here in the ship Eendracht of Amsterdam; the first merchant, Giles Mibais Luyck; Captain Dirk Hartog of Amsterdam; under-merchant, Jan Stoyne; upper steersman, Pieter Dockes, from Bil. Ao. 1616." It was Australia's very first document.

Toward the close of the 17th century another Dutch captain, named Vlaming, arrived, threw down Dirk's post with its title-deed, and set up one bearing his own name.

The year before Trafalgar a Frenchman, Captain Hamelin, came on the scene, found Dirk's soup-plate proclamation in the sand where it had fallen, and carried it back to Europe, where, transferred by whose hand we know not, it was found in 1902 among the treasures of the Amsterdam Museum, brought to light after an age of neglect.

There it is now, still bright and readable, in a place of honour. Will the manuscript proclamations set up today in the Phoenix Islands have as long and strange a history, we wonder.

BOTTLE OVERBOARD

In July 1934 a quartermaster on the Arandora Star threw a bottle overboard near Jan Mayen Island in the Arctic Ocean, nearly halfway between Iceland and Spitsbergen.

He has not been arrested for a litter lout, but has been congratulated by the Meteorological Office, for his bottle has turned up off the coast of Ross-shire near Loch Alsh. To try to trace the course of its two years of travel will prove of interest to the men who study wind and weather and ocean currents.

EGGS FROM THE COTTON COUNTY

How Thomas Helped

Most of us are accustomed to regard Lancashire, famous for its cotton manufactures, its coalmines, and engineering, as a purely industrial county.

As a matter of fact it is equally famous among those who know for its horses, sheep, cattle, pigs, and cheese, for it has a rich agricultural area which, known as the Fylde, is called by proud natives the Garden of England—a claim which Kent will warmly dispute.

Recent statistics leave Lancashire with one title which cannot be challenged: it possesses the greatest number of egg-producing hens per acre of any place in the world. The total is swelled not only by professional poultry farmers, but by myriads of the backyard poultry which the Board of Agriculture is so anxious to encourage.

An investigator has discovered one Lancashire cotton operative who in his spare time has built a number of houses in his garden to accommodate 2000 laying hens. Near Preston a disused cotton mill has been converted into what is virtually an egg factory. The great rooms where the looms used to roar have been built up into compartments for 3000 hens, which produce about 2000 eggs a day. The industry is of great value to a county whose staple trade has been grievously depressed by Japanese competition and by the disastrous conditions of world trade in recent years.

A Good Story

But Lancashire men were always poultry keepers, and the subject comes as naturally into their tales and humour of the county as cotton manufacture. One of their best stories has amateur poultry men for its characters.

A certain operative bought a big hen-house from a friend, and, as he lived a mile away, he got two of his friends to help him to carry it.

The two volunteers found it desperately heavy, so, having struggled for a short distance with their burden, they set it down and rested. One of them missed the new owner of the cote and asked, "Wheer's Tummas gotten to?"

The voice of Thomas answered from inside the cote, "It's aw' reet, lads; I'm carrying the perches."

BAD MOTORING IS TOO COMMON

Immense Number of Offenders

The worst motoring week of 1936 ended on September 26, when 156 people were killed and 4844 injured.

Of these road sufferers the pedestrians numbered 60 killed and 1481 injured.

So that it is still the drivers and their passengers who suffer most on the roads. How little that is realised! The common conception is of a motor-car running down a pedestrian.

Another common fallacy is that only a small number of motorists are offenders. In fact hundreds of thousands are concerned in the killing and wounding, as is proved by the fact that the yearly road toll is 250,000 killed or wounded. A few motorists could not do that.

Again, during last year 518,240 motoring offences (121,757 for speed) were proved in the police courts, and fines totalling £385,774 were imposed. Wanton motoring is common.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 90 hrs.	Chester . . . 3.11 ins.
Rainfall . . . 2.79 ins.	Birmingham 2.99 ins.
Dry days . . . 14	Görlston . . . 2.79 ins.
Wet days . . . 16	Southampton 2.79 ins.
Warmest day . . . 2nd	Tynemouth . . . 2.67 ins.
Wettest day . . . 20th	Aberdeen . . . 2.59 ins.
Coldest day . . . 27th	Falmouth . . . 2.44 ins.

MIDLAND BOOM

Trade Up in the Great Towns

THE INFANT AIRCRAFT TRADE

The Midlands, like the London area, have been fortunate in escaping the worst effects of the great world trade depression. They met hard times as the North of England, Scotland, and Wales were unable to do, because they are the seat of many new industries.

And with the revival in trade the Midlands went ahead in fine style. The bicycle—irreverently termed the push-bike—became popular again, more popular than ever before, and bicycles are made by the million.

The motor-car trade, in its "baby" form, became as a new industry. Millions of people awoke to the fact that a small car could be bought by instalments and run very cheaply. One firm authorises its agents to sell a car, with tax and insurance complete, on payment of £25! The Midlands, as the home of so many motor-car makers, gain enormously by all this.

A World Transformation

And allied to the motor-car trade, and indeed arising from the invention of the internal-combustion engine essential to both, the aircraft industry has been suddenly seen as a great trade of the future.

It is not merely that governments are ordering war planes. That is only a part of the whole, and as time goes on it will be the least part. Here and now the Midlands are very literally humming with aeroplane work and the trial of new types. Great new factories are being built with Government aid. The industry is growing like a mushroom, but, unlike a mushroom, it is a thing of permanence.

Hundreds of official and unofficial scientists and clever engineers are working on aircraft design. The young people of today are witnessing another world transformation which will be even more remarkable in its effects on trade and society than the locomotive steam-engine of Trevethick and Stephenson.

The Slow Start

It is fortunate that Britain has made good her aircraft handicap. The aeroplane is a foreign invention, and for long we lagged behind. As recently as 1912 a writer on the subject said:

At the recent remarkable flying display at Hendon it was noticeable that every flying machine was fitted with foreign engines. The all-conquering type appears to be that which revolves as a whole with the propeller which it actuates. It is not a little remarkable that the country which was the motherland of modern engineering should have contributed so little to the science of aerial navigation. Why should English engineers be content to resign to others the conquest of the air?

This was in 1912. In 1909 Mr Patrick Alexander offered a prize of £1000 for the best British aeroplane engine which complied with certain conditions. Only six firms entered, and three of them gave up. Of the three survivors, the engines of two failed to complete a 24-hours run, and the one remaining competitor failed in power. So the prize was not won!

We may thus remind ourselves what enormous progress has been made by the British industry in 24 years. It is questionable, however, if the new generation fully realises the air possibilities of the future.

THE 40-HOUR WEEK

The 40-hour week in France, made law by M. Blum's Government, is being rapidly extended, and soon the shorter week will be universal throughout the Republic.

Very remarkable is the rapid success of this 40-hour movement. A year or two ago it was unheard of. Now it is established in France and Italy and is spreading in the United States.

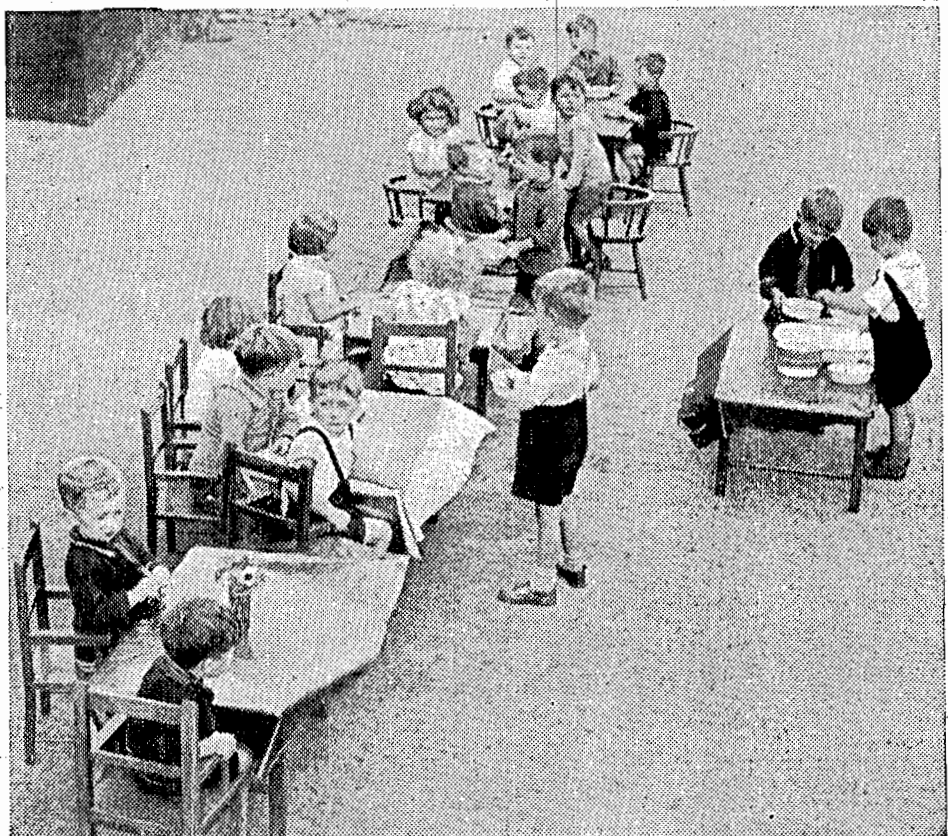
Out of School Hours



Going Up and Coming Down—On a chute at Pudsey



Playtime in Hyde Park



The interval for lunch at an open-air school at Warmsworth near Doncaster

SEARCH FOR A SAINT

Where Lies Sir Thomas More?

A committee appointed by the Bishop of London has been trying to find the body of Sir Thomas More; but it has had to report failure.

When this endearing man, Henry the Eighth's learned Lord Chancellor and Erasmus's great friend, spoke his last merry word on the scaffold and died for his faith in the Pope's supremacy his body was buried in the church in the Tower, while his head was for a time a ghastly ornament stuck on a pole on old London Bridge.

That head is in a lead box in the Roper vault of St Dunstan's at Canterbury, and some said that his body was moved by his daughter to the vault Thomas More had prepared for himself in Chelsea Church, near his lovely home by the river.

If that were so it might have been carried with the rest of the coffins removed in 1872 from Chelsea's old church to the newly-built St Luke's. The rector and the rest of the committee appointed by the Bishop of London obtained permission to search for it. A stone tablet pointed to where the coffins from the old church had been laid, but when they opened the bricked enclosure they found that a great weight of earth and rubble had crushed everything out of recognition, and the search for that pitiful headless body laid in a coffin over four hundred years ago had to be abandoned.

GIVE TWICE

SOS From the New Forest

A fire in the New Forest has destroyed in a few hours the hard work of unemployed men for two years.

This was the main building at Godshill of the Grith Fyrd camp the C.N. has often told about. It was known as Colston Hall, after one of the original band of six that went down to the New Forest in March 1932 armed with a couple of axes, £10, and boundless enthusiasm.

The six were later joined by other workless men, who also pooled their unemployment pay. Together they built up their lives, drawing on latent talent that emerged as the scheme developed. Altogether some 300 men have passed through the camp.

The loss is partially covered by insurance, but some weeks or months must elapse before the claim can be settled, and in the meantime the men are without their headquarters and have no money to start rebuilding. He gives twice who gives quickly to the Secretary, Grith Pioneers, 139 Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5.

BRITANNIA IN THE HIGH ALPS

M. Jean Michel, President of the Association of the Swiss Ski Clubs, in giving an account of the various refuges and cabins in the Alps, mentions the Britannia, calling it the Queen of the Mountain Cabins.

Britannia is so-called because it was built by British climbers. It stands at a height of 10,000 feet above the sea and looks down on Saas-Fee. It is surrounded by a ring of mountain giants, and commands the tracks leading to Zermatt and the Adlerpass.

Britannia was first built in 1912, but had to be much enlarged in 1929, so that now it can take in 80 guests. We can imagine the unspeakable relief of skiers caught in a mountain blizzard who find here shelter, warmth, food, and skilled attention. There are now 115 of these refuges, and in 1935 they were visited by 85,000 tourists.

A party of 28 boys and girls have sailed from Liverpool to Canada. They are going to the Fairbridge School on Vancouver Island.

The Derbyshire Lad of 100 Years Ago

THE FINE STORY OF JOHN CLIFFORD

It is just a hundred years since a boy was born in the Derbyshire village of Sawley who grew up to stir all England.

It is hard for young people nowadays to understand the life of 40 or 50 years ago, when men were fighting for the great causes that have now been won: free education, old age pensions, popular voting, shorter hours of labour, better wages. In those days politics were mostly social and moral, and not mostly commercial, as now. Men were moved with an enthusiasm like that of the days when Wilberforce was fighting to free the slaves.

It was into the midst of these great moral crusades that John Clifford came with the force of a political evangelist. He stirred men politically as John Wesley stirred them spiritually—and spiritually Dr Clifford stirred them too, for there has been no more earnest Christian leader in England than this famous Baptist. The Editor of the C.N. stood with him on many platforms, and will never forget the inspiration of this old fighter for the Kingdom of God upon the earth.



John Clifford

A Baptist Minister in London for 65 years, from the middle of the nineteenth century to well into the twentieth, John Clifford was for longer than any other man the active militant leader of Nonconformity.

Universally respected by all who knew him, he was at once a devoted pastor of one of the largest London congregations, a preacher who sustained his influence in the pulpit and on the platform to the end, and a writer of scholarly and broad-minded books. His personal standpoint was that as a minister in modern times he was in duty bound to include in his activities all the interests of a good citizen.

Gentlest of Fighting Men

A man of unbounded energy, with a belief that conscience is a sacred trust, and with an absolute fearlessness, he was a natural fighter, and he held that Parliament under popular government could encourage the prosperity, happiness, and dignity of mankind by wise restraints, and by cultivating the brotherhood of man in all their relations with each other.

He was the gentlest of men in spirit, the kindest in debate; a man courteous and understanding in heart, however eager he might feel in his advocacy of what he felt to be the highest truth. He knew life along its whole range, from poverty and toil to the widest culture in thought and knowledge and experience

of all sorts and conditions of mankind. He was born at Sawley in Derbyshire, son of a lace-maker, and worked as a small boy in a lace factory.

When he was six his father used to wake him at four in the morning and set his bare feet on the cold stones as they set out for the factory.

He was at 22 appointed minister at Praed Street Chapel in Paddington. It was his only pastorate; he served the Church all the rest of his life.

As an earnest politician he excited keen opposition, but it could rarely be personal, for he was never personal toward opponents. He saw the other side too clearly for that, and saw how his critics arrived at what he regarded as error. Active as he was in many directions, the great work of his life was as a spiritual teacher. That energy with which he pursued his academic education continued along the lines of wider study, and he somehow found time to keep in touch not only with literature that had a bearing on the religious thought of his time, but on what was best in poetry and even in fiction. He had, too, a scientific bent. In geology he was an expert. The idea of evolution coloured his thought and his theology. "The Bible," he said, "has been lifted on to Christ's throne and into Christ's place. But the Bible makes no such claim for itself. Gospel and prophecy carry you straight to Jesus Christ and tell you that He is the Christian religion." That belief was Dr Clifford's message and the moulding influence of his tender yet resolute personality.

He Gave Himself

Though he was slim and frail-looking, and never robust, John Clifford had a fine tenacity. He worked on with unflinching powers, thinking no tax too great on his strength if he could serve a great cause. He would travel hundreds of miles by train to speak at a meeting, and on the platform he would take a little book from his pocket and make a note of some story to tell his faithful wife. That was like him all his life. Greater love had no man than he, for he gave up his life for his friends.

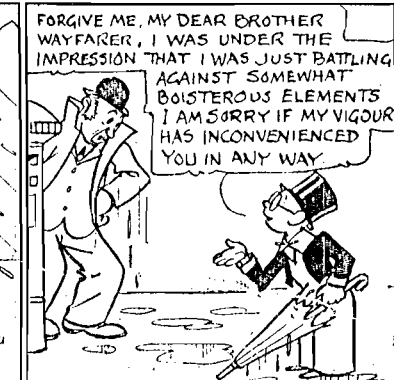
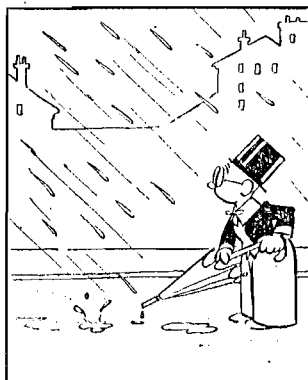
He died among them, sitting in his chair in a Baptist committee room in Kingsway. It was the end he would have wished, the ideal end of a life of incessant energy, lived almost without ceasing to the age of 87, every hour given unselfishly to noble things. He began life in a lowly cottage, he started work in a factory, he fell asleep in the midst of his own people, and he lives in the affectionate remembrance of every one who knew him.

CECIL RHODES'S MULE

We hear from the Cape that what was supposed to be South Africa's oldest mule has been destroyed owing to blindness.

The animal was born in 1898, and was given to Cecil Rhodes as a present. He valued the animal greatly.

A Few Words From Theophilus



EVERY TING AT ONCE

John Dervish at the Mansion House

We give this from The Times, which has found it in its files for October 8, 1836.

A Mahometan, whose name is John Dervish, but who calls himself John Davis, appeared before the Lord Mayor [at the Mansion House] to request his Lordship's introduction to a situation. He was, he said, a native of Bengal.

The Lord Mayor: In what situations have you made yourself useful?

Dervish: Oh! I can do any ting: cook-maid, kitchenmaid, or housemaid. I am every ting at once. I been travelling since me was four year old, with all sorts of people.

The Lord Mayor: Are you a Mahometan after all this travelling?

Dervish: Why, I don't know exactly what I am. Me meet so many good men of all religions dat I like to be any religion at all; and me meet so many bad men dat I don't wish to be any religion at all.

The Lord Mayor: Why don't you go to sea—you are able to work in that capacity?

Dervish: No, me tired of sea. I be fagged, and too old.

The Lord Mayor: Why, how old are you?

Dervish: Oh, let me see; me be 28 years old! Ay, every year of it—too old, too old.

The Lord Mayor, having ascertained that the applicant was industrious and had told the truth, put a sovereign into his hand and advised him to get back to his own country.

Dervish: Me no like to go home. Dey ant so kind to me dere as you are. Dey don't give me a sovereign when I go to speak to 'em.

THE NEW PIPE MAJOR

Only 17, and a Girl at That

The veteran piper Charles Cameron, who for twenty years was Pipe Major in the Cameron Highlanders, and for the last few years has been training the Dagenham Girl Pipers, has now a new colleague, a Pipe Major who is only 17, and a girl at that.

She is Edith Turnbull, a Dagenham girl who could hold her own against any bagpipe player of her age, even in Scotland. She is probably the first female Pipe Major of a regular band, and has won her appointment on merit. Good luck to her and her smart band!

1 2 3

450,000 Post Office home safes were issued free of charge last year.

1,230,000 people of Irish origin are living in Canada.

615,199,291 passenger journeys were taken on the railways of Great Britain in the first six months of this year.

£20,000,000 is the yearly total of wages paid to the film workers of Hollywood.

£2848,000,000 is the total amount saved by British small investors.

On Boisterous Elements

MERCURY AND THE NEW COMET

Outbursts on the Nova and the Giant Sun Mira AN ECLIPSE OF 120 YEARS AGO

By the C N Astronomer

The planet Mercury is now at its most favourable position for observation in the early morning sky. As it rises 1 hour 45 minutes before the Sun, about 5.30 would be the best time for it to be sufficiently high above the south-east horizon to escape low-lying mists.

As next week progresses Mercury will gradually rise later and the possibility of finding this elusive little world without a telescope be much reduced. Mercury is now about 90 million miles away and the nearest world to us except the Moon, but is receding at an average rate of nearly two million miles a day.

The new comet discovered by Mr Jackson at the Union Observatory, Johannesburg, is still only perceptible through powerful telescopes. It is situated in Aquarius and is due south about 10 o'clock, appearing in the same region as Saturn, which is now the brightest object there. It will be known as Comet Jackson 1936c; the date and letter c signifying that it is the third comet discovered in 1936.

New Star Becoming Fainter

The stellar outburst on the Nova, or new star, recently discovered in Aquila, to the south-west of Altair, is becoming fainter after reaching eighth magnitude and will probably continue to decline. It is known to have blazed up to between one and two thousand times its original brilliance, and it will be of interest to see if telescopic and spectroscopic investigation will reveal some startling consequence such as this remote sun's bursting asunder.

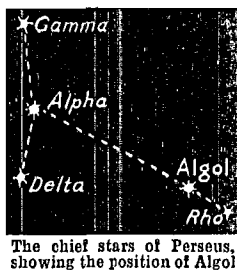
Such an event may now be observed as taking place on the giant sun Mira. This has increased several thousandfold its output of heat and light in the last few weeks and may now be seen with the naked eye. It is in the south-east, and after about 9 o'clock may be readily found from the description and map given in the C N of September 26.

Another stellar event may be observed next Wednesday evening, October 21. This is the dimming of the light of Algol, the Demon Star, through partial eclipse by a great world 7,594,000 times farther away than our Sun. This dark companion of Algol, itself much larger than our Sun, periodically comes between us and the still more colossal central sun, shutting off some five-sixths of its light.

This may be witnessed, and Algol easily found, by the aid of the star-map, high up in the eastern sky. If looked for about 6 o'clock, or preferably on either of the previous evenings at any time, Algol will be seen to be of second magnitude and much brighter than, say, Rho, the star below it.

By 6 o'clock on Wednesday the gradual eclipse of Algol will have begun, and during the next three hours its light will be seen to gradually diminish until, by nearly 9 o'clock, it will be scarcely brighter than Rho. The dark world is now in front of Algol, but in the course of the next four hours Algol will gradually regain its usual brilliancy.

The eclipse is repeated at intervals of 2 days 20 hours 49 minutes, but each eclipse will have taken place 120 years before the light reaches us. G. F. M.



WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

Oct. 18. Ferdinand & Isabella of Spain married 1469
19. King John died at Newark . . . 1216
20. Grace Darling died at Bamborough . . . 1842
21. Death of Nelson at Trafalgar . . . 1805
22. Liszt, composer, born in Hungary . . . 1811
23. Chile and Argentina boundary settled. 1881
24. Daniel Webster, American statesman, died 1852

Brave Grace Darling

Grace Darling was a simple Northumbrian lassie who did a deed that will preserve her memory as long as England lasts.

She lived with her father and mother in the Longstone Lighthouse, that warns ships off the Farne Islands.

On a September night in 1838, in wild weather, the steamer Forfarshire was disabled, driven on the rocks, and there split in two. One half of the ship was wedged in the rocks, and eight men and one woman clung to the wreckage. Forty had perished in the sunken half.

When morning came the desperate position of the survivors was seen from the lighthouse, and Grace Darling declared she would try to reach them with the lighthouse boat through the fiercely raging sea. At first her father said it was hopeless, but then consented to attempt a rescue. With Grace he rowed to the fragment of wreck and brought off four men and the woman.

A second journey later, by Grace's father and two of the rescued sailors, brought to the lighthouse the other four survivors.

The country was thrilled by Grace's bravery, and she became a national heroine. She was quite unspoiled by praise. Four years later she died of consumption, at the age of 26.



Grace Darling and her father on their errand of mercy

THE OLD HILL FORT

Dismantled By the Romans

Excavations at Eddisbury in Cheshire have brought to light much of the ground-plan of one of Cheshire's most interesting hill forts.

Almost midway between the River Weaver and the River Gowy, the Eddisbury fort known as Castle Ditch was here long before the Roman legions were marching on the highway from Chester to Manchester.

The stronghold was built in the Iron Age, and is remarkable for its ditch, 40 feet wide at the bases of the ramparts, the lower 10 feet quarried for 300 feet out of the solid rock. The chief entrance was defended at one side by a stone-faced rampart, the metalled passage-way blocked by two gateways.

It seems as if the Romans considered the fort a menace to the legions who so often came this way, and that they dismantled it in much the same way as Cromwell destroyed so many of the castles in the England of his day. But that did not bring the history of Eddisbury to a close, for when the Romans abandoned Britain a group of people cleared out the rubbish which had accumulated near the entrance and made a dwelling-place of it; and after their day was done an enterprising Saxon built a crude hut in the ditch.

WHAT TO DO WITH HOP STALKS

Kent hop growers may believe that not only do they grow the best hops but make the best use of them. A Russian farmer has other ideas. He has found a way of making fibre which can be used for sacking or rope out of the hop stalks.

HOME TO ROOST

The Romantic Side of Livestock

We have noted from time to time the romantic side of livestock-breeding in England, how we are sending out, as we have sent for centuries, sheep, cattle, pigs, and poultry to improve and replenish the stocks of the world.

Perhaps the chapter for the year may be closed with the record of the famous Southdown sheep, of which our flockmasters have sent within the past few months prime examples to live in France, Italy, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, and the United States.

They will join Southdowns already thriving there, and their descendants will help to feed and clothe the land which these emigrants have just left.

Since the war we have increased the number of our pigs from 2,300,000 to over 3,800,000; and our breeders supply our market with about 118,000 tons of meat a year. But we still import 318,000 tons of pork and bacon. It all comes from stock derived from animals which we bred and exported in years gone by.

STUPID CRUELTY

People Who Punish Their Best Friends

IGNORANCE ABOUT BIRDS

The ignorance that prevails about bird life is illustrated by a serious case in which a fruit grower has been convicted of cruelty to tits.

It was shown that he set baited mousetraps in his apple trees which caught the birds alive so that they suffered greatly, and that he sat and watched them.

Here is evidence of both wanton cruelty and ignorance. The tits, of course, being wholly insect eaters, are the best possible friends of the fruit grower. In the course of a single day a pair of blue tits or cole tits, with a family of 8 to 12, capture many hundreds of insects. Tirelessly they hunt them from dawn till dusk to do exactly what is needed to preserve fruit from destruction.

For eighteenpence we can buy through the bookseller the official view of bird life in relation to agriculture. The little book issued by the Ministry of Agriculture is called *Birds*, and every farmer and horticulturist should have it. Its general verdict is that the majority of our birds are wholly or almost entirely beneficial to the agriculturist. It contains illustrations of the best-known species, with details of their habits and diet. The tits, the victims of the case of cruelty referred to, are praised, and not too highly.

Black List of Birds

So many birds are helpful that we can best confine ourselves to the official black list of the harmful ones. It is as follows:

Wood-pigeon. Very destructive to crops. The harm it does is probably out of all proportion to the good.

House-sparrow. Throughout most of England a serious pest, for it drives helpful birds out of their nesting places, besides being omnivorous; in effect the sparrow kills other birds by robbing them of homes and food.

Starling. At present injurious because of its great numbers.

Hawfinch. Does considerable damage in orchards and gardens.

Bullfinch. Definitely harmful to fruit growers, through its attacks on buds.

Carrion Crow. Especially an enemy of the poultry farmer.

Little Owl. Causes considerable losses to poultry breeders and others.

It should be added that while the Little Owl is injurious the long-eared and short-eared owls are friends. The rook is both friend and enemy, and the verdict upon him varies with locality. It is a pity, for he was once called the Farmer's Friend.

IN A GREAT HURRY TO CATCH THE BOAT

The new giant Cunarder, sister ship to the Queen Mary, is at present known as Number 552, and if all goes well it is probable that she will be in service by the spring of 1940.

Two Americans, Mr and Mrs Horner, have already asked a Chicago travel bureau to book their passages on the new liner, so that they may make sure of enjoying the first trip in her from New York to England.

A FORD SETTLEMENT

Mr Henry Ford, who always has a number of irons in the fire, is turning his attention to land matters.

He owns much forest in Michigan, and in developing it seeks to create model villages. The lumber is to be prepared by workers who will each have about half a square mile of timber land; and as it is cleared they will cultivate it, becoming little farmers growing their own food and selling any surplus.

ON THE ESCALATOR

Learn While You Go

Londoners who want to learn something of the various woods the British Empire can supply have been in the habit of making their way to the Building Centre in Bond Street; but now, instead, they might buy a ticket to Moorgate Underground Station and study the balustrading as they go up the new escalators there.

On the sides of the escalators are panels of about 60 woods, all from various parts of the British Empire, and each bearing its name and that of the country it came from.

It is an excellent idea, and will make people realise that there are other woods than oak and mahogany and walnut; also it will help the London Passenger Transport Board to decide which wood is best for escalators.

NOAH'S TREE

The Blackfellow's Story

The story of Noah has been handed down for centuries by the Blackfellows of Australia.

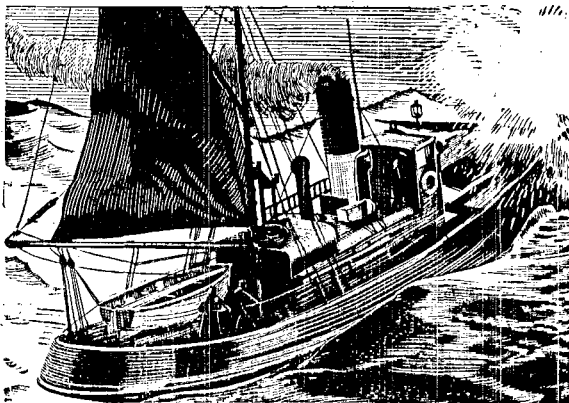
Mr J. B. Gibbs, who has returned to Sydney after living in the wilds for 30 years, made the discovery in districts along the Gulf of Carpentaria, where, he informs us, he often heard parents telling the story of the Great Flood to their children.

Once upon a time, they would say, big rains fell and flooded the earth, and nearly everybody was drowned. But a good man and his wife were saved. They floated off on a big tree, and with them they took two of each species of animals. Eventually the log landed on a mountain top, and the descendants of this Noah founded a new tribe.

The Nicest Way of taking HALIBUT LIVER OIL



When children get peaky and run-down give them a daily dose of Haliborange. This delicious combination of the finest Halibut Liver Oil and Orange juice is an invaluable help in safeguarding their health in the winter when fresh air and sunshine are lacking. The Halibut Liver Oil gives Vitamins A & D in highly concentrated form and the Orange juice provides the important Vitamin C. There is such a



A British trawler battling its way through the North Atlantic in the search for Halibut, which are caught on a line at a depth of 500 feet or more.

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and it is so delicious that all children take it eagerly.

Haliborange is very simple to give or take—just half a tea-spoonful for baby rising to a table-spoonful for adults, so start your family on Haliborange now.

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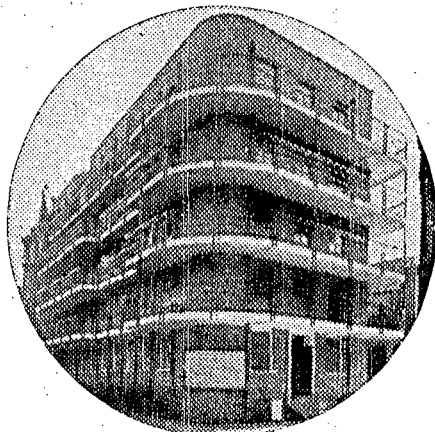
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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL. Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

GOOD NEWS FROM 52 LANDS The Bright Room Which Receives It

In this troubled world, where so many of the joint efforts of mankind seem to be struggling against overwhelming odds, it is cheering to drop in at the international Paris headquarters of the Junior Red Cross.

To this bright room in the Rue Newton, looking out on the Arc de Triomphe in the Place de l'Etoile, comes news from over 16,500,000 junior members of the Red Cross in 52 countries. It is like a telephone exchange for glad tidings.

The Junior Red Cross is constantly growing. The children of the Dutch East Indies are the last ones to join, and they already have 13,000 members.

The world membership has trebled in 15 years. Of the present roll of 16 millions, over 4,000,000 are in Asia, 5,000,000 in Europe, and 6,000,000 odd in the Americas.

A growth in activity has gone hand in hand with the growth in numbers, so that last year correspondence was exchanged between the schools of 51 countries.

The motto of the Junior Red Cross is "I serve," and members are expected to live up to the motto in every way they can, realising that it means these three things:

Sympathising with and helping those who need help;

Living a healthy life, so as to be able to lead a useful life;

Learning to know and to like children of their own age in other countries.

The Healthy Life

We particularly like the emphasis on the healthy life as the basis of the useful life. These are some of the rules:

Indoors:

Keep rooms aired, clean, and tidy.

Let the light and sunshine enter.

Do not stay indoors with wet feet: change your shoes!

Outdoors:

Help to keep the streets clean.

Respect the beauty of the country.

Do not leave litter lying about.

There are a series of Keep Fit Rules dealing with personal cleanliness, fresh air, and exercise, and they include these important sentences:

Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables.

Drink only pure water and milk.

It is an encouraging thought to realise that amid the turmoil of the grown-up world the spirit of goodwill as expressed in the Junior Red Cross is moving forward from strength to strength.

THE FILM AT CHURCH

We shall not be surprised to see a crowd of London children going into Marylebone Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon, October 18.

There they will take part in a service probably unlike any other they have been to, for after some singing and a story a film is to be shown, a picture of the attempts to climb Mount Everest. We talk of sermons in stones, but perhaps children will find it easier to understand the sermon in such inspiring films as are to be shown in this church on occasional Sundays.

A REST ON TOWER HILL

Over a million visitors yearly come to Tower Hill, apart from those who cross it in their daily work and the lunch-hour frequenters who find it the most attractive open space to the City. Yet up to now there has been no place where the foot-weary could find a seat.

By the kindly thought of Stepney Borough Council seats of admirable design have now been placed on the pavement along the Tower railings.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

A talk on Trafalgar Day (October 21) will be broadcast next Tuesday, when listeners will hear something about the history of the Navy in war and peace, and about the splendid services which the Navy renders by policing the seas.

Babylon fell in 539 B.C. On Wednesday next listeners will be virtually transported to the Royal Palace of Babylon in those days, where is being enacted the scene of merrymaking which occurred just before the unexpected attack by King Cyrus of Persia.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Soil Cultivation and its Uses: by C. H. Middleton. 2.30 Music, Course 1: Pentatonic, or Five-Note Scale; Note Values: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 History in the Making: Talk on Trafalgar Day. 2.5 Nature's Story Book—An Autumn Walk: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Senior English Literature: Broadcast on Dr Johnson. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Vocal Music of Haydn: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Babylon is Fallen: by Wray Hunt. 2.30 Plant Movement: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 The Central Wheat Lands: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 How the Plough Changed Britain: by G. M. Bumphrey. 2.30 The Church: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 New Zealand: by Raymond Firth. 2.30 Beasts of Burden. 3.0 Junior English Literature—King Midas: by L. du Garde Peach. 3.20 Music Interlude: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Nutrition: by Sir John Boyd Orr.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—The Struggle with the Moorland: by K. H. Huggins. 2.30 English Literature—Colin Milne on Two Short Stories by Neil Munro.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—The Wheels Go Round: by H. Hamilton.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 News Review: by J. Spencer Muirhead. 2.20 Music—Tune-making: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—Frac Norraway, frac Norraway: by Kevin Burns.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—The Explosive Sounds: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concerts for Schools—Songs of the North: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.10 Nature Study—Ripening of the Year: by R. J. D. Graham.

THE OLD SPECTACLE MAKER'S MACHINE

We see that it is being claimed for M. Paul Jacquemain, an aged French spectacle maker, that he was the first to construct a motor-car to run on a road.

It was in 1874, and his car worked by steam. It gave out so many sparks and made so much noise that the local mayor condemned it to be broken up as an infernal machine!

Infernal machine! Not a bad title, it may be thought, for the hundreds of thousands of cars which in every great nation kill or maim those who use them and those they encounter. In our own country the record runs at about 20 people killed and 700 wounded every day.

Germany has just tackled the problem by making each offending vehicle incapable of moving quickly, an excellent notion which we commend to our own authorities. There is also the ancient plan of confiscating any vehicle that kills.

RUSSIA'S FIGHT AGAINST MALARIA

A tremendous campaign against malaria is being fought in Russia.

During the first half of 1936 the number of deaths dropped by 40 per cent and there were 35 per cent fewer cases of malaria than the same period of 1935.

Thousands of acres of infected areas were sprinkled with oil by 50,000 farmers and a few flying men, and 200,000 mosquito nets and screens were distributed among people living in the danger zone. Special training in fighting the disease was given to 4000 doctors and medical students, who went to work in many villages under the leadership of 230 specialists in the disease.

HILLS

All down the ages men have lifted up their eyes to the everlasting hills.

Rome was built on seven hills. Paul preached on Mars Hill. Moses talked with God on a mountain, and when he came down he wist not that his face shone. It was on Mount Carmel that Elijah the prophet called down fire from heaven; and for generations the children of Israel dreamed of the great and notable day when they were to come with singing unto Mount Zion.

In England we have always loved hills. There is Tower Hill with all its centuries of history. There is Edgchill, where Harvey thought about saving life while a king of England was destroying it. Rudyard Kipling wrote tales of Puck of Pook's Hill; and all who come to Box Hill, not far from London, will look down on Surrey and think of Chaucer's Pilgrims riding on their way to Canterbury, of Nelson's last farewell at Burford Bridge, of Sheridan and George Meredith who loved it, and of Keats whose spirit haunts it still. We think of Keats again on Hampstead Hill, for it was there, we believe, that he wrote, "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill," and told us of the noiseless noise he heard among the leaves.

Round Hill 60

And how easily we may go over the hills and far away. It was round Hill 60 that some of the most terrible fighting in the Great War occurred. On a hill in the blue Pacific sleeps R. L. S.:

*Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

In our young days we read much of hills. We heard of Jack and Jill who went up a hill to fetch a pail of water; of the Pied Piper of Hamelin who led the children out of the city, and up the mountain till a wondrous portal opened wide, and the piper entered and the children followed. There was another famous fellow.

*Oh, the brave old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.*

Bunyan has given us a picture of the Hill of Difficulty, and Francis Bacon has given us that fine passage where he says, No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below, so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with pride.

A Greater Than Mohammed

Mohammed told the people he would compel a hill to draw near, and from the top he would offer prayers. The people assembled, and he called to the hill again and again, but it did not move; whereupon, not a whit abashed, he said calmly: If the hill will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the hill.

*There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.*

A greater than Mohammed had much to do with hills. He was born in the little town of Bethlehem with little hills about it. He was tempted when He stood upon a high hill.

He withdrew from the people and prayed upon a hill, and was transformed on a mountainside. At the end He was raised up that He might draw all men unto Himself.

NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD

HAMLET

Scunthorpe's Seventy Years

The glow of Scunthorpe's steel furnaces is seen on the North Lincolnshire skies thirty miles away.

"The heavens reflect our labours" has therefore been happily chosen as the motto for the coat of arms granted to Scunthorpe which last week was made a borough. If the skies reflect its labours, its labours are the reflection of the rising prosperity of the country's steel industry.

Last year Scunthorpe's furnaces, more numerous than in any other similar area except Middlesbrough, produced a million tons of steel, one-tenth of the national output. Shipbuilding and motor-cars were responsible for the rising demand, and four new cars out of five in England take Scunthorpe steel.

It is a wonderful record for a steel town that 70 years ago was a hamlet. Lincolnshire's hidden wealth of ironstone, which the Romans knew but everyone had forgotten for eighteen centuries, gave the village its start. A geologist found the ironstone in 1862, and for two years or more most of it was sent to Yorkshire for smelting. Then an ironworks was started there.

Few Unemployed

One company followed another, and a quarter of a century ago the Normanby Park Steelworks was set up as one of the most up-to-date plants in the country. It did well till the industrial depression struck it and the other neighbouring works, and Scunthorpe, which amalgamates with itself Frodingham, Ashby, Brumby, and Crosby, began to feel the pinch of unemployment among its 40,000 inhabitants.

To those numbers it has grown in its seventy years' progression from hamlet to third largest town in Lincolnshire.

Scunthorpe has not been allowed to spread itself over the countryside in ugliness. Its works are well away from the town, which takes a pride in its appearance. Its new buildings, large and small, are well thought out. It is planning a fine new Town Hall, and is determined to have everything handsome about it. Last but not least, one of the objects of Scunthorpe's pride is the Scunthorpe United football team, which is rising in the Leagues, as the town has risen in the stern business of making steel. Scunthorpe works well, plays well, and pays well.

IN A PRISON OF GOLD

The Adventure of Reuben Stokes

One can have too much of a good thing, even of gold.

While Reuben Stokes, a miner, was at work in a gold mine at Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, he was buried by an avalanche of gold ore.

He was near the surface, and fortunately enough air filtered through to keep him alive while 75 men worked for eleven hours to set him free, and at last he emerged unhurt from his golden prison.

25 YEARS AGO

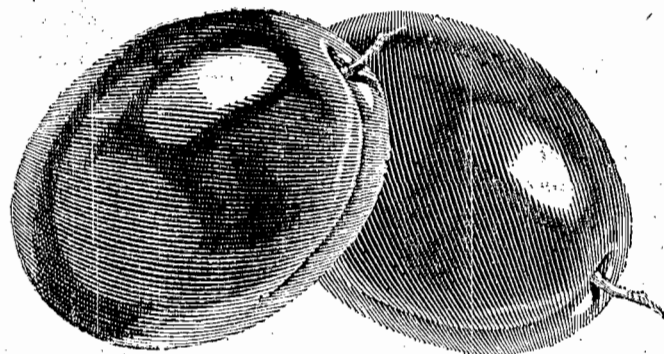
From the CN of October 1911

Salaries For M.Ps. It has been decided that Members of Parliament, like the King and his Ministers, shall be paid, each receiving £400 a year.

Members of Parliament have long received salaries in nearly every country but England. In the British Dominions this rule holds good, and the newest, the Union of South Africa, while paying its members £300 a year, makes the sensible proviso that £2 shall be deducted for every day that a member is absent while the Parliament is sitting.

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THE CHARIOT RACE

CHAPTER 17

By the Way

THE individual who had pulled up his horse just in time, then, tossing the reins across its loins, had alighted to raise Philip, formed as curious and striking a spectacle as his conveyance.

For this was neither a wagon nor was it a cart, but a chariot of an antiquated design, much worn by hard usage, with a body of cedar-wood scamed all over with cracks. A battered old chariot which had seen its best days—how long ago who could have reckoned, saving its master!

They made a capital pair, did chariot and owner. For who could have readily told the age of this old man with his white locks, sunken eyes, and bent shoulders? And yet with how much ease did he lift Philip up from the road and, carrying him round to the back of the chariot, slide him full-length through that open back on to the floor, while the horse, which matched neither master nor vehicle, being coal-black and enormous, stood as still as a post with its head turned to watch the proceedings.

These were more interesting at first to the horse than to Philip, because he was almost in a state of collapse.

His rescuer regarded him shrewdly for a few moments. Then, nodding to himself in a satisfied manner, he leaned forward, bent over Philip, and with practised knuckles kneaded the lad's hips and legs, searching out every aching muscle and joint. And then he began on the ribs with the palm of his hand, which slowly and soothingly he rubbed backward and forward. Until all at once a wonderful comforting glow suffused Philip's body and seemed to course through his veins.

"Hast any hurt?" his rescuer asked. "Nay, naught save a scratch or a bruise or two," murmured Philip.

"Give thanks, then, that I chanced to pass by," smiled the other. "For knowest thou into whose hands thou hast fallen?"

"Nay. But surely hath Apollo sent thee," said Philip.

"That may be so," said the ancient, his dimmed eyes glowing. "For am I not Hippocrates, son of Orestes, who in his youth was famous for training of athletes. And many boxers and wrestlers hath my skill restored to the ring after the leaded thongs and the throttling had taken dire toll of them." He paused. "But get thee up to thy feet," he continued. "Then expand thy lungs twice and thrice, slowly, and yet for the fourth time. Judge thus whether thou art thyself once more."

He offered Philip no help to rise to his feet. And when the lad got up unaided, "O thrice-well!" he uttered. "The hand of Hippocrates hath lost naught of its cunning. Now drink of this water." He drew out a flask. Philip drank. "And now, lad, thou shalt stand at my side while I drive and recount to me thy condition and what frenzied odyssey hath thrown thee under the hoofs of my Bucephalus."

Thus saying he jumped up beside Philip, clutched at the reins, and the huge horse started off at a smart, swinging trot.

"Dost go to Olympia?" breathed Philip, breaking a silence.

"And where else should one be faring on this day of all days?"

"Is it far yet?"

"Full far enough. Yet had I been there by now had the storm not retarded me."

"And dost suppose the storm will have held up the Games?"

"So I reckon or I should not proceed," said the ancient. "For behold! the sun is mounting the heavens, apace now, and the race of the four-horsed chariots had been timed for noon. But the contest of the mule-drawn chariots preceded that, and the contest of the two-horsed chariots as well. So if those were delayed by the storm, as I doubt not at all, then also must the quadrigae suffer delay."

"Now do I know," uttered Philip, so quietly that the words did not reach his companion, "that twas Apollo who hath sent his lightnings to my master's assistance." Aloud he said, "And thou, O Hippocrates, goest to witness the chariot-racing?"

"Yea. Though the mules and the bigae attract me but little."

"Then tis the contest of the four-horsed chariots that bringeth thee?"

The old man's voice rang out like the voice of a youth. "By Thébé of the golden tunic!" he cried. "Nor while I draw breath would I miss the brave deeds of that contest, which, as our poet Pindar truly

hath said, are bathed in light when lifted aloft to the air of the heavens! Would I not glory in the gallant blood-mares of Euryalus and in those wherewith the illustrious Agnon would match them!"

Philip put out a feeler. "Then it should be a great race?" he remarked.

"None finer, none braver, will go down to history. Indeed, were I a prophet," continued Hippocrates, "I were fain to predict that twill go down as greatest of all. Yea, greater even than that memorable year when Cynisca, sister of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, carried off the victory with her own horses!"

"Did she drive them herself?" Philip said, thrilled. "Hath a woman the strength to hold and drive four mighty horses twelve times round the stadium?"

"She hath, if she hath the skill, and if her steeds know and obey her. Go thou to Sparta, and behold for thyself the monument in honour of Cynisca's triumph! Then journey to Delphi and see the chariot of brass wherewith she made dedication to Phoebus Apollo!"

He had struck his pet theme, and with the locacity of age he would have pursued it had Philip not intervened.

"That which hath been hath been," he broke in. "So I pray thee, Hippocrates, restore thy thoughts to the present and give me this counsel: dost think Euryalus will prove winner today?"

"Unless he prove too impetuous," answered Hippocrates.

"Then what of Agnon? And what of Peleus and Castor?"

"There be nine or ten in the race," said Hippocrates thoughtfully, "and the more competitors the more likely some mischance. Yet if I be any judge, then would I place Euryalus first, with Agnon but the length of his leaders behind him, and Peleus and Castor fighting out the third place. Nevertheless," he added, after further considering, "seeing that the mares of Euryalus are bred more for speed than for stamina, it may be that the sharp deluge will have rendered the course too heavy underfoot for them."

"Particularly if the bigae and mules shall have churned up the turf first."

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 18

Nearly There

IT was clear that the kindly old man loved to talk about chariot-racing and was beginning to look upon Philip as a disciple to whom the art and the mysteries might be unfolded. For after some minutes of silence, and while Philip was debating whether or not to disclose his own anxious plight, Hippocrates returned to the day's great event.

"Thou should'st know," he began, "that all doth not rest with the steeds. The chariot whereto they are yoked hath a great part to play. So methinks the lighter-boned mares of Euryalus may find the heavy turf somewhat against them, yet their chariot may be reckoned to restore the balance, since it hath not its peer, I am told, on the face of the earth. 'Twas fashioned by the most famous craftsman in Athens."

"Specially for this Olympiad?"

"Of course. For none of those who compete, being men of high rank and great substance, would yoke their horses to any save a new chariot. Albeit the rules exact no condition on that point."

"So any chariot can be yoked in the race?"

"Most verily. Yet new ones are used each Olympiad, because, whereas the design of the war chariot altereth little, the design of the racing chariot is ever improving, that it may offer less and less resistance to the wind of its onrush without sacrifice of any essential strength."

"Hast dreamed," murmured Philip, "of chariots propelled without steeds?"

"Nay! Thy fancies betray thee!"

"Yet a friend of mine, a famed charioteer, one Critias—"

"Doth he come from Aegina?"

"The same."

"And thou, O nursling, knowest the renowned Critias?"

"Yea, I know him," smiled Philip.

"And what hath Critias to say to such wild dreams of thine?" The old man laughed, but regarded Philip with more interest.

"Nay, tis neither dream of mine nor vision of Critias. Yet hath Critias quailed deep of the Pierian spring, and much hath he delved among the teachings of the philosophers—"

"Yea, no charioteer of more learning than the son of Cirrha!"

JACKO UP ALOFT

MOTHER JACKO came into the kitchen, sniffed the air, and promptly shut the window.

"I like the smell of paint," remarked Jacko.

"I don't," declared his mother.

"And I must say," she added, "it seems a strange time of year to have your house painted."

"Who's having your—their—house

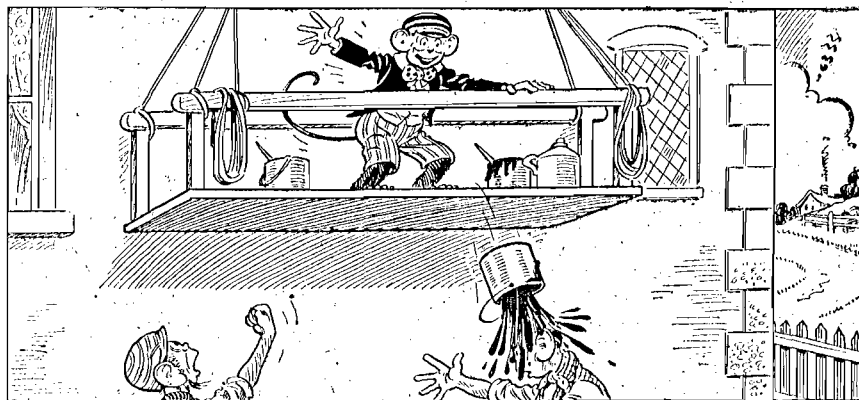
over hand and swung himself on to the little platform.

"Coo!" said Jacko. "It's fine up here."

"Hi, you!" called a voice. "You come down, do you hear?"

Jacko heard all right. But all he did was to reach down, haul up the hanging ropes, and swing them out of reach.

"Come and fetch me!" he cried, waving cheerily.



"You come down!" he shouted

painted?" inquired Father Jacko, looking up from his paper.

"Next door," replied Jacko, nodding over his shoulder. "Haven't you noticed?"

Jacko had; and as soon as he had finished his breakfast he wandered outside and stood looking up at the painter's cradle that the men used while they were doing their work.

There was nobody on it now; the men had gone off, no doubt, to fetch something they had forgotten.

Jacko looked round, then, catching hold of one of the ropes, climbed up hand

"Well, of all the impudence!" exclaimed one of the men.

"None of that," cried the other.

"You come down—and mind what you're doing," he shouted, "or you'll upset that paint..."

As he spoke the paint-pot shook, rolled over on its side, and shot straight at the unfortunate man's head.

Jacko roared with delight. But in the excitement he leaned over, lost his balance, and fell.

The men rushed forward and caught him. But Jacko wriggled himself free and flew for his life.

"And he telleth me," Philip continued, "of a philosopher who hath foretold that in the days to come not only will mortals scale the heavens on wings, but will also pass swiftly in chariots that move without steeds, and in galleys that scour the oceans without sails or oarsmen in disdain of the teeth of the tempest!"

"Nay!" answered Hippocrates, with another great laugh. "The ox is for the plough, the serf for the oar, the horse for the chariot—and so shall it be to world's end, lad. Nor dream that mortal may dispute the domain of the skies." He turned his head and looked Philip over again. "But come now, strange stripling and dreamer," he said on a sudden, "thou who hath even laid claim to the friendship of the great Critias, thou shalt tell me who thou art and what thou art doing here."

"That is part of my story," said Philip, whose mind was made up. "But, before I tell thee, how far are we from Olympia?"

"We shall presently come within sight of the shining Alpheus, which courses along the Olympic valley itself."

"So as soon as we sight the Alpheus we'll be almost there?"

"Bucephalus will make naught of the rest of the journey."

"And thou dost verily think we shall be in time?" Philip cried anxiously.

"Is my impatience not equal to thine!" snapped the other. "Come, reveal thyself, as I bade thee. Else shall I take thee for vaunter who knoweth not Critias, or for fugitive, it may be, in flight from the law."

"I am Philip, stable-lad to Leonidas of Elis."

"His name hath reached me as that of an honest farmer."

"Nor could one wish a master of kindlier spirit."

"'Twould seem so, since he suffereth thee to play truant."

"Tis true that when thou didst find me I was making all haste to Olympia," Philip responded, "and tis true enough that my master knoweth it not yet—"

"Wast thou trying to reach Olympia on thy two legs. Didst start from Elis?" the ancient exclaimed, in great wonder.

"From Elis at dawn," Philip answered, with a flushed face, being sorely afraid lest his words should savour of boasting.

"Now would that I had the training of thee!" cried Hippocrates. "By the Centaurs, I would make thee champion of Greece. Not even Philonides himself should outstrip thee! But tell on: why such bitter rush to Olympia?"

"Because my master hath entered his chariot with four milk-white horses—"

"Once more did Philip's companion cry out in amazement. "Nay! Such tidings have not reached me," he uttered at last. Then he looked at Philip dubiously. "Thy master's horses are entered for the quadrigae!"

"Even so," averred Philip.

"But tis an honour reserved for princes and nobles and men of great substance!"

"By custom only. Or so my master asserteth."

"Yea," said Hippocrates, pondering, "there he speaks truth. For when the Games were founded in honour of Olympian Jove by Theseus and Heracles twas ordained that they should be open to all Grecian citizens, barbarians alone being excluded. Say on, then, Philip, stable-lad to Leonidas."

So Philip related his dream, and when he had finished, and while his companion was urging Bucephalus, in order to keep his mind off its torturing anxiety he opened a new subject.

"O Hippocrates," said he, "this brave chariot of thine! It seemeth to have extreme age, yet it moveth right gallantly."

"Thinkest thou it hath been a chariot of war?"

"Nay! But is it as old as it looketh?"

"Tis the apple of my eye," said Hippocrates gently. "And if it be well-nigh as old as its master, what then? Hath Hippocrates no vigour left in his bones?"

"Indeed thou hast!" Philip exclaimed. "And so hath thy gallant old chariot!"

"What wonder! When I was a man of more substance this chariot took part at Olympia."

"In the Games? In the four-horsed chariot race?" shouted Philip.

"Even so," said Hippocrates proudly.

"O Hippocrates, where did it come in?"

But the old man appeared not to hear, and called to Bucephalus. "Dost thou see the shining Alpheus, thou sluggard? Behold where it windeth!"

Philip had caught sight of the river as well. But, trembling though he was with excitement, he wanted his answer.

"Speak, O Hippocrates! Where did thy chariot come in?" he entreated.

"It was last," said Hippocrates.

TO BE CONTINUED



Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

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RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)



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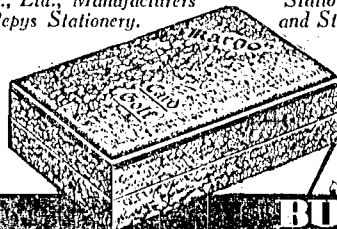
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A new thrill—the fascination and excitement of golf—the zest of driving and putting, the hazards of green and bunker—all are captured and concentrated in the greatest Card Game in years—KARGO!

There are fifty-three cards in the pack, and helpful hints are given on the play, so that you need not keep referring to the rules. KARGO combines cards and golf—two of the most exhilarating pastimes in the world—yet you can enjoy this tense and amusing new game without knowledge of either. As a family game or a party game KARGO is equally gripping. Buy your pack today!

World Distributors: Castell Bros., Ltd., Manufacturers of Pepys Stationery.

Sold by all Stationers and Stores.



BUY KARGO TODAY

MARIE ELISABETHS ARE REAL SARDINES

in delicious oil, are not costly, are greatly liked by, and are good for, YOUNG PEOPLE.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

★ They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

NEW ISSUE Packet FREE

Ask to see my approvals. Send 11d. postage and receive **FREE**—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including postage of 2d. pictorial, Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collections' addresses receive an extra set. New 72-page list, price 1d. 100 B. Colombia's, 1/-.

G. N. WATKINS, Granville Rd., BARNET.

Kiddies love home-made cakes

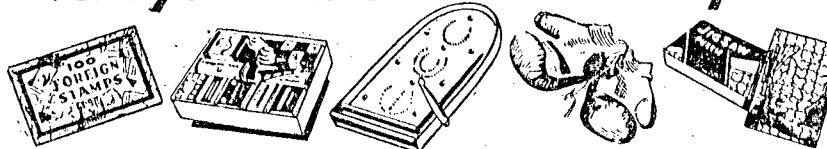
Home-made cakes are best—more wholesome, more digestible, more economical. You can be sure of success if you use plain flour and vary the amount of "raising" for different recipes, and make sure the "raising" is Borwick's.

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

They're FREE!—Take your choice!



100 FOREIGN STAMPS: All different—good selection. 18 coupons and Free Voucher.

NINE 2d. CHOCOLATE VARIETIES: Rowntree's most popular lines. 51 coupons and Free Voucher.

BAGATELLE BOARD: It's a ripping game and won't Dad like it too! 120 coupons and Free Voucher.

BOXING GLOVES: Complete set of 4 gloves. Padded with springy hair. Taped wrist. 132 coupons and Free Voucher.

JIGSAW PUZZLE: 204 pieces. Choice of four different pictures. 27 coupons and Free Voucher.

★ Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC16, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts, with **FREE VOUCHER** value 3 coupons.

REMEMBER THERE ARE MANY OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS TOO

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious cocoa. Inside every 1-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Ask for Rowntree's Cocoa twice a day—it's good for you.

SHOW THIS TO MOTHER

Rowntree's Cocoa is now improved by a wonderful new pre-digestion process. It is made even more digestible—helps more in digesting other foods, and is more bone and muscle building than ordinary cocoa. Still only 51d. per 1-lb. tin with 3 **FREE GIFT COUPONS**.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 17, 1936 Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Puzzle

A FARMER was asked how many sheep he had, and in reply said: "I have fewer than a hundred, and if I divide the number by 2, by 3, by 4, by 5, or by 6, I shall always have one over." How many sheep had he?

Answer next week

The Quiet Life

BILL was full of enthusiasm for the wonderful holiday he had just had, the miles he had tramped, the mountains he had climbed, the places he had visited.

After talking without a stop for some minutes he asked his friend Dick about his holiday. "Oh, I didn't take a holiday this year," said Dick. "I thought I needed a rest."

Very True

WHAT musical instrument, highly strung too, is always most honest, exceedingly true? It often is heard with a very good band. An upright piano, a fine upright grand!

NATURE'S NAMESAKES



We all know how fond the fox is of hunting poultry for his dinner.

The Fox Shark is just as keen on catching fish.

Transposition

WITH arrogance swelled I strut o'er the plain, And a numerous retinue have in my train; Transposed, though I now may be horrid and frightful, Transpose me again, I'm a place most delightful. Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE long-tailed duck comes to this country for the winter. An Arctic species, it breeds in great numbers throughout Northern Russia and Siberia, and in Nova Zembla. During the breeding season it frequents fresh waters and nests in low bushes nearby. The drake has two long black feathers in the middle of the tail, and has a white head and neck, the neck bearing two oval patches of a brown hue. The rest of the body is black on the back and white underneath.

WHOSE HATS ARE THESE?

Two Awards of Ten Shillings and Twelve Other Attractive Prizes For Girls and Boys



CAN you name the wearers of these hats? For the correct or nearest correct lists the Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings and 12 other prizes—for girls, paper flower-making sets; and for boys, constructional sets from which many mechanical models can be made. All the examples shown are included in this list:

Airman, Boy Scout, Bus conductor, Chef, Fireman, Fisherman, Guardsman, G.W.R. guard, Lift boy, Policeman, Polo player, Postman, Racing motor-cyclist, Royal Fusilier, Sailor, Salvage Corps man, Scottish Highlander, Scoutmaster, Telegraph boy, Ticket collector.

Write your list on a postcard, numbered as in the pictures, add your name, address, and age, and post the card to C.N. Competition No. 11, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4. (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, October 23.

This competition is open to girls and boys of fifteen or under, and in the event of ties prizes will be awarded to senders of the nearest written lists, age being taken into account. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.

What Am I?

I'm round and solid, soft and light; Pray hurl me down with all your might; You'll find that I ne'er break that way; But fear me and I've had my day. Answer next week

Idol on Parle Français



La pelle Le coquillage Le seau
spade shell pail
Edouard a emporté sa pelle et son seau, et il va sur la plage ramasser des coquillages.

Edward has taken his spade and pail and is going to the shore to collect shells.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the South-West. Saturn is in the South, and Uranus in the South-East. In the morning Mars and Mercury are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 20.



Those Who Come & Those Who Go
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to September 26 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1936	BIRTHS 1935	DEATHS 1936	DEATHS 1935
London	4763	4714	2931	2859
Glasgow	1618	1549	1015	939
Manchester	921	1035	565	580
Belfast	689	651	358	393
Edinburgh	516	537	379	380
Bristol	512	446	303	286
Swansea	192	212	118	111
Norwich	139	143	80	92
York	103	99	77	63
Tynemouth	89	87	49	63
Poole	86	62	67	31
Hastings	70	64	63	68

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Beheading, Creel, reel, eel.
Great Event: Cockatoo, aeroplane, snake, tiger, dragon—Coronation.
Jumbled Names: Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Wellington, Repton, Cheltenham.
What Am I? Level.

Can You Read This Sentence? Be above all motives underhand, for nothing is so great an oversight as halting between two opinions.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

ASK LEISURE PET
TE R TREND H RA
OASIS OAT SEPAL
M TOKEN OPERA E
PATERNA ORBIT
ALP PANCAKE NEW
CALF SERGE STAR
EYE METEORS SKY

Five-Minute Story

An Autumn Picnic

It was Saturday morning and Dick was wandering miserably round the house. "I do hate winter coming," he said to his mother. "There doesn't seem to be anything exciting to do."

Mother thought a minute and then said, "Would you like to ask the three children next door to a picnic in the garden?"

"Won't it be too cold?" asked Dick.

"Not the way we shall plan it," Mother replied.

Dick ran next door to ask Jill, Betty, and John to come that afternoon.

When they arrived Dick's father said they must have a bonfire for the picnic, and asked the children to help him to build it.

They were not very keen at first, but they began to help politely. As time went on, however, they found it exciting. They gathered up stalks and leaves, and pulled up dead plants and threw them on. The bonfire grew amazingly.

In the meantime Dick's mother had brought out a bowl of potatoes in water and some brushes. Rather puzzled, the girls helped her to scrub the potatoes clean.

When they were done Daddy called out that the fire was ready to be lighted. What a glorious blaze it made in the darkness! The children were as warm as toast and very hungry. Then, telling them to bring seats near to the fire, Mother sprang her surprise. She and Daddy showed the children how to put the potatoes in the glowing parts of the fire. They made such a delicious smell that the children could hardly wait till they were cooked.

At last they were done, and Daddy pulled them out of the fire. Mummy showed them how to split them in half, put in butter and salt, and scoop out the middle with a spoon.

They were thrilled with this unexpected meal, and wanted to do more bonfire cookery.

By now it was quite dark, and from time to time Daddy and the boys built up the fire to make a fresh blaze, until they were nearly toasted themselves!

Mummy suggested games. The garden was strangely exciting in the dark. Ordinary hide-and-seek became a dangerous Red Indian hunt.

All too soon it was time to go home.

When the children had said thank-you for their picnic John said, "I am going to ask my mother if we can tidy her garden and have a potato picnic in it next Saturday. Will you come, Dick?" And Dick cried, "Rather!"

PRUNOL FRUIT PASTILLES CROSSWORD

WIN A MONEY PRIZE

BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Closing date, October 31st, 1936.

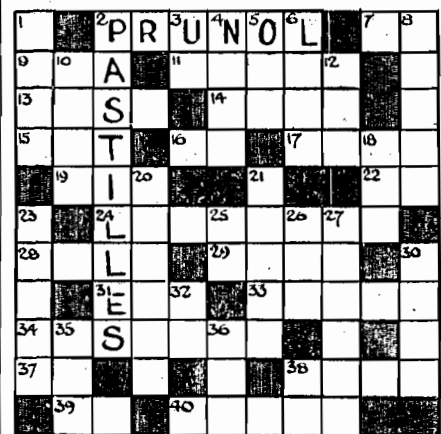
Prize-Money posted November 25th.

Names of winners will be published in "The Children's Newspaper."

£5 FOR BEST SOLUTION £2 for the second best £1 for the third best

Prizes divided if two or more entries of equal excellence received by closing date.

10 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5/- EACH FOR THE NEXT BEST EFFORTS.



CLUES ACROSS.

2. Together with "2 down" is the finest cure for constipation.
7. Preposition.
9. Girl's name.
11. Is put into PRUNOL PASTILLES.
13. Flat circular plate.
14. Dance.
15. Complete number.
16. Interjection.
17. Good for the garden, but a nuisance if you're caught in it.
19. Lede for the waiter.
22. Initials that stand for "Church of England."
24. This is what PRUNOL PASTILLES are.
28. Small brook.
29. Because PRUNOL PASTILLES are this, they may safely be taken by young and old.
31. If you do this too frequently, constipation may result.
33. Pluck.
34. Brief space of time.
37. Towards.
38. Body of persons.
39. Negative reply.
40. Ploeg.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Stuff with soft material.
2. See "2 across."
3. For whom PRUNOL PASTILLES are good.
4. He fiddled while Rome burnt.
5. The number of PRUNOL PASTILLES that we should take at a time.
6. Initials of a railway.
8. Fruit contained in PRUNOL PASTILLES.
10. Those who cannot study this should take PRUNOL PASTILLES for good health.
12. In the manner of. It's French, but commonly used in English.
18. Frozen water.
20. PRUNOL PASTILLES are pleasant to this.
21. Remarkable feat of strength.
23. PRUNOL PASTILLES are made mainly of this.
25. April (short).
26. Anger.
27. Grass borders.
30. Cliver.
32. Child's "Thank you."
35. A prefix which means "not."
36. Horn.
38. Short for Saint.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

Write your Name and Address clearly on the back of the leaflet to be found inside the 6d. size tin of

PRUNOL FRUIT PASTILLES

(ALL CHEMISTS)

and paste or pin your entry on the other side of the leaflet. Send to PRUNOL PRODUCTS LIMITED (Comp'ny), 21, COCKSPIT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, under whose supervision the judging will be carried out, and whose decision on the best entries received is final. Every entry will be examined, the solutions being judged for their aptness and accuracy to the clues. If any difficulty in obtaining the 6d. size, enclose P.O. 6d. with your entry, for a tin to be sent you post paid.

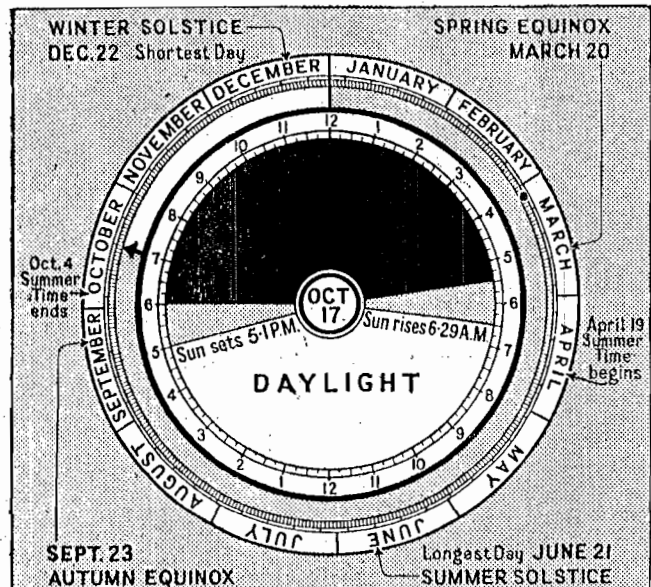
PRUNOL FRUIT PASTILLES

are the gentlest, most beneficial, natural acting and delicious of laxatives for children and adults. Nature's ally. Those who do not wish to enter the Competition should nevertheless buy a tin of the Pastilles, price 6d. or 1/3, and make a great discovery of lifeline value. The pleasantest and most satisfactory laxative obtainable. Absolutely pure and safe. No griping.

AGENTS WANTED

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Most fascinating and profitable agency known. World-famed "ORIENT" samplebook. CARRIAGE PAID. Exquisite CALENDARS, DOG STUDIES, GREETING CARDS and NOVELTIES. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES. Dept. 529, HAMILTON ORIENT WORKS, BLACKBURN.



The C.N. Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 17. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.